

LONDON REVIEW

OF

Politics, Society, Literature, Art, & Science.

No. 343.—VOL. XIV.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1867.

[PRICE 4d.
Stamped, 6d.]

Reform in France.
Austrian Constitutional Difficulties.
The Italian Budget.
The Crusade against Trade Unions.
Illiberal Liberalism.
Mr. Goldwin Smith's Recent Speeches and Lectures.
The Distress at the East-end.
The Bard of the *Globe*.

The Whole Duty of Dining.
Modern Arcadia.
Disagreeable Women.
NOTES OF THE WEEK.
OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.
FINE ARTS:—
Music.
The London Theatres.

SCIENCE.
MONEY AND COMMERCE:—
The Money Market.
REVIEWS OF BOOKS:—
Mr. Dixon among the Mormons.
The History of the American War.
Florence.

Sanatoria for Drunkards.
The *Rob Roy* in the Baltic.
New Novels.
The Quarterly Reviews.
Short Notices.
Literary Gossip.
List of New Publications for the Week.

REFORM IN FRANCE.

THE recent failures of his foreign policy have compelled the Emperor of the French to turn his attention to domestic affairs. Although his power may not be materially shaken, his prestige has been seriously diminished by the result of the Mexican expedition, and by the consolidation of North Germany in spite of his remonstrances. His popularity has suffered severely even with the agricultural population, in consequence of the scheme for the reorganization of the army; and amongst the more intellectual portions of the nation there has long been a growing feeling of discontent with the existing institutions of the country. Under these circumstances his Majesty has displayed his usual sagacity in seeking to conciliate public opinion by the reforms which have been just announced. There seems, however, reason to doubt whether he has attained more than partial success. The changes which he proposes to effect in the constitution, or in the parliamentary practice of the country, are of so moderate a character that they can hardly be expected to excite much enthusiasm; but there is no sufficient foundation for the distrust which has in some quarters been expressed with regard to their probable operation. Although they are by no means an unmixed concession to the demand for a larger share of freedom than France at present enjoys, they do nevertheless tend to increase the power and influence of the Legislature, and to give it a greater control over the action of the Government. It is true that when they are carried into effect that control will still be imperfect and illusory; but the new measures contain a principle of growth which may hereafter bear important fruit. Had the Emperor allowed them to speak for themselves, they would probably have been received with far greater satisfaction than has actually been the case. Unfortunately, the terms in which his Majesty has chosen to describe them are calculated to excite the greatest disappointment. He tells his subjects that they constitute all the development of which the institutions of the empire are capable, and that they "complete the crowning of the edifice erected by the national will." Regarded in the light of a final measure, they are, of course, not likely to satisfy the wishes of any Frenchmen who care for liberty, or who hope to see their country take its place once more amongst free nations. The inconvenience of announcing beforehand that they will go so far and no farther, has been severely felt, even by constitutional statesmen, who are not supposed to be infallible, and are always expected to yield to a decent amount of popular pressure. It is a foolish thing for any one to talk of "finality" in politics; and the folly is never greater than in the case of a sovereign in the position of the Emperor Napoleon. The announcement which he has made, will stimulate, and at the same time irritate, the Liberal party in France. Being told that they have nothing more to hope from the bounty of the monarch, they will naturally feel that all further reforms must be wrung from his fears. On the other hand, the Emperor will be to a certain extent fettered by his own words. He will no doubt hereafter eat them, if it becomes necessary to do so, but he will postpone so disagreeable an operation as long as possible, nor will he be able to accomplish it without some loss of political reputation. The statements to which we are referring were most likely introduced into the Imperial letter for the purpose of removing, once for all, that "lamentable uncertainty" as to the per-

manence of the present institutions which the Emperor deplors at the outset of his communication to the Minister of State. They will not have that effect; and we fear that, by making them, the Emperor has only prepared for himself future mortification, and perhaps humiliation.

The suppression of the debate on the Address is that portion of the French Reform Bill which has attracted most attention on both sides of the Channel. At first sight, it must be admitted that this measure bears rather a retrograde character. That discussion furnished an ample opportunity for the free expression of opinion; and it must be admitted that both the senators and the members of the House of Representatives showed themselves quite alive to its value. For a couple of months at the opening of each session it gave free scope to every kind of eloquence, and to the advocacy of all kinds of political ideas. The conduct of the Government was copiously reviewed and sharply criticised, and of course no one will deny that this had a beneficial influence. But still we are inclined to think that that influence may easily be over-estimated. Speeches delivered without immediate reference to a practical object or a definite measure are apt to fall flat upon the public ear, or at any rate, to be soon forgotten. The public can only digest a certain quantity of speeches, and seven or eight weeks of talk about things in general are rather likely to result in disgust and indifference. Moreover, there is obvious inconvenience and great waste of the public time in devoting so large a part of the session to mere debate, however interesting or instructive. We should have preferred to see the debate on the Address retained, under some regulations which might have reduced its proportions and concentrated its interest; but at the same time we are disposed to think that its suppression is more than compensated for by the restoration of the right of "interpellation" to the Chambers. We should, indeed, have no doubt on the point, if this right could be freely exercised by any member, as in our own House of Commons. Nothing is more harassing to a Government that is carrying out a policy disapproved by the representatives of the people than to be constantly compelled to explain and defend its acts. The power to question his Ministers was one of the things of which the Emperor was, as Prince President, most careful to deprive the Legislative Assembly, after the *coup-d'état*. Nor do we think that he then exaggerated its importance; for while the exercise of such a power stimulates a Parliamentary body to the greatest possible watchfulness, and keeps alive in it an intimate sense of its own duty as a controlling and regulating power in the State, it produces in the end a considerable effect upon the most obstinate and least sensitive of statesmen. Unfortunately the exercise of this right under the new decree will be limited and hampered in a manner that must deprive it of a great part of its value. No individual member will be allowed to question the Government. Every demand to address such questions must be signed by five members at least, and must contain a brief explanation of its objects. The demand is, in the first instance, to be handed to the President, who will communicate it to the Minister of State, and refer it to the committee for examination. Then, if two councillors of the Senate, or four councillors of the Corps Législatif, are of opinion that the questions should be put, the House is to fix a day for their discussion. This discussion may result either in the questions being referred to the

Government, or being quietly shelved; and if the question escapes all these trials, it is still, apparently, quite open to the Government either to reply or not, just as they please. This is, of course, interpellation under difficulties. But still we do not agree with those who argue that it will be useless, because the Government will always have the power to suppress questions either in the committees or in the general debate. As is shrewdly and truly observed by one of the French journals, "All who know how strong is the *esprit de corps*, and that assemblies are always jealous of their powers, will be convinced that no majority, however important it may be, will refuse to authorize a discussion manifestly opportune and useful, and demanded by public opinion." Even members who are prepared to support a Government by their votes do not like to be reduced to silence; and it is moreover by no means improbable that in the next Legislative Assembly, which will be elected in 1869, the Liberals will have sufficient power to enforce their questions with but very slight assistance from the habitual supporters of the Government.

The restoration of the right of interpellation is accompanied by another change, to which we attach great importance. At present there are, as every one knows, acting Ministers and talking Ministers. The men who conduct the business of a department never appear in the Chambers; while those who do appear have little or nothing to do with the actual administration of the country. The consequence of this state of things is twofold. In the first place, it enables the Emperor to maintain that principle of the Constitution which admits "no solidarity among the Ministers, and makes them dependent only upon the chief of the State." In the second place, it makes the Ministers really as well as nominally irresponsible to the Legislature. The working Ministers of course care but little for criticisms or attacks which they are not compelled to answer; the talking Ministers care still less for speeches to which they reply as advocates, but with which they are no further concerned than as a lawyer is interested in the case of his client. When, however, a man has to defend his own acts in public, he will think twice before he does anything which he knows it will be troublesome or difficult to uphold. He will hesitate even to obey the Sovereign when he foresees that his obedience will expose him to sarcasm, to invective, or to a crushing weight of argument. The Emperor will therefore find himself under the necessity of submitting to that sort and degree of restraint which must arise from the impossibility of finding men of ability and standing willing to commit themselves publicly to an unpopular or foolish policy. Moreover, although it is provided—no doubt with a view to prevent anything like "solidarity" growing up between them—that none but Ministers specially delegated by the Emperor are to attend the Chambers, it is almost impossible that, if they get into the habit of acting together in Parliament, they should not take counsel of each other, and thus become in some sort a Cabinet. In this way, although the principle of Ministerial responsibility to Parliament, which lies at the root of all constitutional government may still be ignored, many of its practical results will in time be realized; and we are even willing to believe that the Emperor foresees, and is ready to accept, this as the ultimate consequence of his measures. He is no doubt aware, as everybody must be who considers them, that for the present they will make little alteration in that balance of power which inclines so strongly in his own favour. But although he talks of "finality," he can hardly conceal it from himself that in the end these reforms will materially increase the weight in the popular scale. The same effect will, we trust, be still further produced by the contemplated relaxation of existing restrictions upon the right of assembly. Until we know to what extent this relaxation will go, it is impossible to say how far it may be useful. But the fact that there is to be any loosening of the bonds in which Frenchmen are now held, may be accepted as a proof that the Emperor is at last convinced that it is unsafe to deny all expression to the intellectual life of the people, and that the nation, after fifteen years of internal peace and prosperity, is no longer in its former explosive and revolutionary condition. The alteration in the Press law which will assign the jurisdiction over journalistic offences to the correctional tribunals, and thus suppress the discretionary power of the Government, will be so far an improvement that it will prevent a newspaper or a writer from being punished without an open trial, and without the assignment of some reason by the judge. That will undoubtedly tend to check the worst abuses of authority. But still, it must be borne in mind that the judges of the correctional tribunals are entirely dependent upon the Government, are looking for promotion, and that as they sit without a jury, it is idle to expect from them anything like a liberal interpretation of the law.

They will, we dare say, do very much what the Government tells them; but the worst Government will do much in secret that it will shrink from doing with the publicity attached to legal process. Upon the whole, therefore, we are inclined to think that the condition of French journalists will be ameliorated by the change, and that freedom of discussion will gain in consequence.

AUSTRIAN CONSTITUTIONAL DIFFICULTIES.

Do the different nationalities of Austria require the bonds of despotism—like animals of opposite propensities the cage—to keep them, as a "happy family," together? Involuntarily this question arises when attention is drawn to the enmities of race, and the conflicting requirements of the various peoples in the empire of the Hapsburgs, which, since the Revolution of 1848, have attained such prominence, and seem to be continually gaining in intensity. For a time the Absolutist Bureaucratic rule, under Schwarzenberg and Bach, once more established a kind of outward harmony. But with the breakdown of this system—after the disastrous campaign in Italy in 1859—all the efforts at Constitutional government, which date from that time, seemed mainly to have failed in consequence of the contradictory national demands alluded to. There appears to be no reason why Francis Joseph should not be credited with sincerity in his wish to become the sovereign of a Constitutional state. But hitherto it has not been his good fortune, in any of the "Diplomas," "Patents," "Manifestoes," &c., which since 1860 he has successively addressed to his people, to give satisfaction at any one time to more than one section of them. The Diploma of 1860, which acknowledged the autonomy of the various crownlands and countries, resuscitated the Diets, and demanded that only the *élite* of their members should form a central council for the management of common imperial affairs, highly displeased the Germans, who aimed at hegemony in the State, and it remained a dead letter. The February Patent of the following year, a strictly centralizing constitution, after a four years' trial failed—firstly, because the Hungarians refused to accept it, and to send delegates from their Diet to the Reichsrath; and, secondly, because the electoral laws for the countries this side the Leitha gave an artificial preponderance to the German representatives which was used by them in so arrogant and one-sided a fashion that the members from the Slavonic countries (Czechs and Poles) soon found it necessary to withdraw. The Manifesto of September, 1865, expressed the desire of the Emperor to conciliate all nationalities and political parties, and to mediate between the dualistic claims of the Hungarians and the Centralist and Federalist claims of the other two principal nations. But, though this manifesto was hailed by the Slavonic races as the harbinger of better days for them, the Hungarians have shown but small inclination to depart from their separatist demands, whilst the Germans have expressed the strongest dissatisfaction at the suspension of the Lesser Reichsrath, in which they enjoyed a monopoly of power. Thus the Emperor's intentions have again proved abortive.

This retrospect is necessary to understand the Patent of the 2nd of this month, and the divergent feelings and criticisms with which it has been received. The assembling of a Reichsrath, or central parliament, is again decreed; but this time avowedly for the Cis-Leithan countries only, and chiefly that it may deliberate on the propositions respecting the constitutional treatment of common imperial affairs to be received from the representatives of the countries pertaining to the Hungarian Crown. Again, too, this "extraordinary Reichsrath" is to be composed of delegates from the respective Diets (to which fresh elections are ordered), but not as formerly, with limitations as to choice, according to particular groups. This time the numbers required may be taken from the Assemblies as collective bodies—which means that the men most popular with the majorities in the Diets will be chosen. Now, Schmerling's electoral laws of 1861, in professing a representation of classes and "interests" (chambers of commerce, &c.) favoured the election of members approving of bureaucratic rule, and, in countries with mixed populations, gave a numerical ascendancy—in opposition to statistical data—to the German element. It is the departure from this precedent which has stirred up the gall in the German Centralist politicians of Vienna and elsewhere, and rendered it uncertain whether they will take part in the new Reichsrath or not. On the other hand, the politicians belonging to the Slavonic nationality in Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, Styria, &c., seem willing to send their delegates, for the object required, to the new Parliament. They object only

that the Upper Chamber is resuscitated likewise, since a large majority of its members have hitherto displayed complete subservience to any measures of a *de facto* Government, and small regard for the historical rights and liberties of the different crown-lands. A Reichsrath, *quâ constituyente*, hampered by such a House of Lords, they look upon as an absurdity.

We cannot better throw light on the situation than by giving a summary of views expressed in leading organs of the German and Slavonic nationalities. A late number of the *Grenzboten* contains a cry of anger from a "highly-educated German-Austrian." After expressing his horror of an inevitable Slavonic majority in the new Reichsrath, he adds:—"There are but two roads to salvation for the Germans, neither of which, at present, are they able to find. They must have an iron reformer, who, by means of his army, shall break down all opposition, destroy the rule of the Church, and drive the people into the German schools." But where, it is asked, is this man of iron will, at once warrior and schoolmaster, to be found? And if he does not come, they can have no other wish than that all the Austrian lands on this side the Leitha, by whatever means—the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, on this point, suggests calling in Russian aid—should be, as quickly as possible, united to Germany, and help to form one powerful State. A Polish organ, in expressing the views of that people, declares that "a mere opposition against the Centralist or Dualist combinations would avail them little. A triad-programme has been put forward at Vienna, which offers the Poles a place along with the Germans and the Magyars. To grasp at this would be an act of injustice towards their Slavonic brethren. They must choose a position in harmony with a sense of justice and regard for their future. They are confirmed in this view, on the one hand, by the hatred they encounter on the part of Russia; and, on the other, by the sympathy in ideas and feelings which they experience in the press of their Slavonic friends, particularly in Bohemia. The welfare of Poland, it is further said, must be their first requirement; the second, the promotion of the interests of Slavons in general. The Latin, and still more the German races, have shown them of late the duty of an offensive policy. Unless they take the initiative they can never lay the foundation-stone of the much-desired Slavonic federation. This initiative falls to the Poles and Bohemians, because they are politically the most educated, and the most nearly connected by similarity of character and views. Their agreement and sympathy will attract all the other Slavons of Austria. To this end the Poles, who shall take part in the Reichsrath, must above all things uphold the principle of equal rights, and the *autonomy of every people in Austria*; they must form a united party of liberal Slavonic elements in this Parliament, which shall be able to offer resistance to the German-Magyar influences—without however offering the least injury to the freedom and self-government of either the German or Magyar nationalities. By this means the Austrian realm must obtain that Slavonic character which by right belongs to it, and thus the Austrian people may, in the end, reap those benefits which ought naturally to be the result of Austria's being turned out of Germany."

In this summary the attachment to the federative principle, to which all the Slavonic peoples of Austria have pinned their hopes, is distinctly enough expressed. They will never yield obedience to what they call a "German-Magyar State," in which the part of pariahs only is vouchsafed to them. Too long, the Slavons exclaim, have we been treated like the Cinderella of the fable, whilst our elder sisters have enjoyed a monopoly of favour. Not only is it the Czechs and Poles who thus speak, but the Croats too. In their late address to the Throne, sentiments have been expressed which the proud Magyars would do well to ponder, for they are entirely opposed to their egotistical claims. The entire Magyar race of Austria numbers scarcely five millions. If they persist, as seems too probable, in their demand of a mere personal union with Austria, and of hegemony over the other countries pertaining to the Hungarian Crown, the day may be not far distant when they will have to repent their short-sighted policy. Though Europe seems to have outlived religious wars, yet nationality wars may be destined to become sad realities. The present Government of Austria, however, with all its faults and shortcomings, seems determined to persevere on the path of conciliation and compromise. Such of the Diets as may refuse to send representatives to the Reichsrath will, it is said, be dissolved, and fresh elections ordered. Should the new Diets again refuse, the process of direct elections in the respective lands—without the intermediation of the Diets—will be tried, and there is much reason to hope with favourable results.

The threat on the part of the Government to pursue this

course, particularly irritates the German centralists, as a paragraph of their much-cherished Patent of February, 1861, authorizes direct elections to a Reichsrath in case any of the Diets should prove refractory. Moreover, there is already division in the German camp. The Styrian autonomists, and the Vienna clique are not in accord as to their plan of action; whilst amongst the populations of the German provinces the wish to arrive at an amicable understanding with the other nationalities as to the constitutional government of the empire is gradually gaining ground. The press of Tyrol in particular is dissatisfied with the men who put themselves forward as the exponents of German requirements, and earnestly advocates a constitution which shall content *all* the people of the realm. According to the latest reports, the Austrian-Germans, on the whole, seem willing to elect for the Diets, but not to send delegates from these bodies to any other Reichsrath than the one which is suspended and declared by them to be the only legal one. It can, however, be easily shown, says the Vienna correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, that elections for such a purpose would be likewise illegal, since the Reichsrath of their choice has not been convoked. The Germans themselves well know that the February Constitution cannot be strictly carried out, and therefore they have taken good care not to say whether it is the "full Reichsrath" or the "lesser" which they are demanding. That the full Reichsrath exists only in the realms of fancy, no sensible German any longer doubts, and thus it is—much to the delight of the Magyars—towards a dualism that the German politicians are steering.

THE ITALIAN BUDGET.

ITALY has at last found a Chancellor of the Exchequer who is able to comprehend the extent of her financial embarrassments, and has the courage and the skill to propose measures adequate to meet the emergency. Nothing has been more disheartening to the friends of that country than the way in which more than one previous Minister has shrunk from the problem before him, and has resorted to a policy of makeshifts, instead of facing a difficulty which might be postponed, but could not be permanently evaded. It was obvious at least three years ago that the revenue was unequal to the expenditure, and that as the latter could not be materially reduced so long as a war for the liberation of Venetia was impending, there was no sound alternative but the imposition of additional taxation. That, however, was not done to anything like the necessary extent, and the result—as Signor Scialoja remarked the other day—was that Italy had to make the severest and the most extravagant financial sacrifices in order to carry on the recent war against Austria. We do not think that the policy which has been attended with such consequences was at any time justifiable; but a further continuance in it would admit of no plausible excuse, now that the country is completely constituted, that there is no reason to anticipate any war, and that the development of her great resources is the main object of her statesmen. It is, of course, in vain to hope that that object can be attained until the equilibrium of the Italian finances is restored, or at any rate rendered certain within a limited period. The measures proposed by Signor Scialoja appear commensurate with the occasion, but before we enter upon their consideration it may be useful to dwell for a moment upon the actual state of things. As we all know, the condition of the Italian treasury was very unsatisfactory even before the outbreak of the late struggle. The naval and military establishments were on a war footing, and were felt as a severe and indeed an oppressive burthen. From 1863 to the present time, the annual increase of the debt of the country was 300 millions of francs. The expenses of the late war amounted to a sum of more than 357 millions of francs over and above the sums voted in the budget for the two services; and although the Government has already effected considerable reductions in this and other branches of expenditure during the present year, and looks forward to still further reductions in years to come, there is still an annual deficit of 185 millions of francs which must at once be met, and which the Minister of Finance does not expect to see totally disappear in less than ten years. This is undoubtedly a long time to look forward to; and unless the country had a resource on which she could confidently rely for supplying the greater part of the deficit which will accumulate in that time, we should be inclined to look with much distrust upon any financial scheme which professed to deal with a period so remote. Fortunately, however, Italy has such a resource in her ecclesiastical property; and there need be no fear that by its partial application to the purposes of the State, coupled with the conversion into *rentes* of so much as is left to the

Church, an adequate sum to provide for all contingencies will be placed at the command of the Government, while the prosperity of the country will be materially promoted.

Signor Scialoja divides the deficit into two portions. One, consisting of 100 millions, will, he thinks, eventually be made good by the growth of the revenue, while it may, in the mean time, be met out of the ecclesiastical property. Of that operation we will speak presently. For the other 85 millions he hopes to provide by greater economy and by the imposition of additional taxes. The first point to which he proposes to direct his attention is the reduction of the enormous annual charge for pensions, which amounts to no less than 45 millions. To some extent, this sum represents the allowances made to officials on their retirement in due course after lengthened service, or on account of age or sickness. In so far, the charge is probably not capable of any great diminution. But it is due in a far greater extent, as the Minister says, "to the pacific revolution which we have accomplished and the necessity of furnishing means of subsistence to the men who have in some manner served their country." In other words, it consists of payments made to the ex-officials of the small States which have been extinguished—persons for whom it was impossible to find employment on account of their excessive number, their disaffection to the new kingdom, or their want of the requisite qualifications. In the natural course of things, these burthens will of course diminish as the pensioners die off, but the Minister will at once effect a saving of 17 millions annually by transferring the administration of the service of pensions to the Deposit and Loan Bank. He will then raise 15 or 16 millions by the imposition of stamp duties upon the transfer of securities. A better, which we suppose means a more rigorous, assessment of the income and land taxes will yield a further quota; and we then come to the new imposts. In the first place, a tax is to be levied upon mills. Looking at the matter in a purely economical point of view such a tax is open to many objections, and its imposition is certain to be met by a vehement opposition. But then, as Signor Scialoja observed, in answer to the murmurs with which this proposition was received, "It is the duty of all—of Government and of Parliament—to ask fresh sacrifices of the country." The money must be had if the solvency of the nation is to be maintained, and under such circumstances it is impossible to be very critical as to the means employed to raise it so long as they do not press with undue severity upon the poorer classes, or upon the productive energy of the people. Now, considering that by this tax upon mills it is only sought to obtain 30 millions of francs, while the population of the country is 25,000,000, it can hardly be said that it is open to either of these objections. Duties are also to be imposed on the production of wine, and upon some other industries which were not particularly specified. As we do not know what these imposts may be, we cannot, of course, express any opinion upon them; but they can hardly be very grievous in their character, since they are only expected to produce something like 15 or 20 millions of francs. By means of economy and of additional taxes, we have now got 85 millions; and the Minister calculates that the normal increase of the Italian revenue during the next ten years will be at least 10 per cent. per annum, and that in this way, by the end of ten years, the remaining deficit of 100 millions will totally disappear. Is he or is he not warranted in such an anticipation? Upon the whole, we think that he is not unduly sanguine. He has, at any rate, past experience in his favour. In 1863 the revenue was only 519 millions, in 1864 it was 522 millions, while in 1867 it was estimated to produce 756 millions. That gives an increase of 234 millions in three years. It is true that during this period some fresh taxes have been imposed; but then, on the other hand, it must be borne in mind that circumstances were then very unfavourable to the development of the resources of the country. Although not actually at war, Italy was always looking forward to the inevitable strife, and of course it would be too much to expect that commerce or industry should thrive under such depressing influences. But under a state of assured peace, there is no reason to believe that the revenue of Italy will prove less elastic than that of other countries. We should, indeed, have been glad to see that elasticity promoted by more frankly free-trade policy than has yet been adopted; but we are ready to admit that it is probably inadvisable to incur the hostility of powerful domestic interests at a time when the one thing needful, above all others, is the immediate provision of a revenue adequate to the discharge of the national obligations.

If it be admitted that there is good ground for believing that the income and expenditure will balance each other in ten years, all that remains is to provide for the deficits that will accrue in the mean time. For that purpose a sum of between

400 and 500 millions is requisite, and this is to be raised by the sale of the ecclesiastical property of the country. That sale is to be completed in ten years, and of the proceeds two-thirds will go to the clergy, while one-third will be paid over to the State. In order to guard against any loss to the latter, an agreement has been entered into with an eminent financial firm, whereby the latter undertakes the liquidation of the Church estates, and the conversion into *rentes* of the two-thirds, which will remain to the clergy, while engaging to pay to the State on account of its one-third the sum of 600 million francs within the next six years. There is no reason to doubt that this money will be forthcoming in due course, for we may be tolerably certain that whoever may suffer by carrying out so large a scheme, the State will take care to receive its stipulated share of this property. Nor is that the only way in which it will benefit by the operation. Instead of being held in large lumps by wealthy and indolent corporations, a considerable portion of the Italian soil will pass into the hands of small owners, who are certain to increase its produce, and thus to add materially to the wealth of the country. Other advantages will also undoubtedly follow from this sweeping and salutary change in the tenure of a large portion of the land of the country; but as these are rather of a political than a financial character, we shall not now allude to them. The main point on which we wish to insist is that with energy, self-denial, and perseverance on the part of the Italians, there is nothing to prevent their paying their way like honest men, and placing their credit on a firm and unassailable basis. It is their interest to make great sacrifices for such an object. Unless they do so, they cannot, as we have already remarked, expect to attract from other European countries the capital of which they stand so much in need. Moreover, Signor Scialoja showed that if by the adoption of the measures he recommended the price of their stocks could be raised only to 60, the wealth of the country, taking into account the fact that more than two-thirds of the public debt is held in Italy, would be augmented by about 515,000,000. If the price could be raised to 75, the gain would be a milliard of francs. Under these circumstances we cannot think that the Italians will allow an "ignorant impatience of taxation" to interfere with the complete execution of the plan on which we have been commenting. Looking at what they have done, and what they have borne during the last few years for the sake of their country, we do not believe that they will allow its financial character to be compromised by any shortcomings on their part. We shall be very much, and very painfully surprised if the Parliament and the country do not fully act up to the manly declaration with which Signor Scialoja closed his speech, that "Italy, at whatever cost, will uphold her name, Italy will completely fulfil her engagements, Italy will always and fully meet her obligations."

THE CRUSADE AGAINST TRADE UNIONS.

It is very painful to right-minded men, and most adverse to the true interests of the community, that public questions should be inflamed by class animosities. The irritation which springs from it may occasionally work for good, since the inveteracy of one interest or its partisans provokes its opponents to an energetic pressure of their claims on public support. But, for the time, every incident of this exasperated state of feeling is repulsive. The obvious determination to see only one side of the question makes every fair-minded man shiver; and indignation arises when the argument is carried on by aspersions cast recklessly, or, at least, without apparent justification. The question of strikes continues, we are sorry to say, to be discussed in this way, and the last fortnight has been particularly prolific in those incidents which are, in the special sense of the word, events in the history of social questions. Almost all the talk is on one side, and even judicial authority has manifested a bias in that direction. An able letter of Mr. Frederick Harrison to the *Pall Mall Gazette* was followed by the concluding communication, of the Iron Trade Commissioners in Belgium, to the *Times*. This was in intention a most damaging document to the trades' unions; but, considering that the greatest economists of the day would, with one voice, repudiate the views of Messrs. Creed & Williams, it was strangely presumptuous for them to conclude that good education would make operatives generally of their opinion. Even supposing the political economy of these Belgian letters to have been sound, it was childish in the extreme to suppose compulsory education up to the ripe age of eleven would effectually indoctrinate the rising generation of artisans with these ideas. Nor can the English iron trade be in a very bad way

if it hopes to be saved by such a very indirect and lengthy process. The *Times*, however, true to its prejudices, and untrue as usual to the justly-balanced considerations of its more moderate moments, followed the last letter of Messrs. Creed & Williams by an article full of the most extreme allegations against the workmen. This intensified the public feeling against trades' unions which the Iron Trade Commissioners in Belgium had created; and that, feeling has found expression also from the judicial bench, not only on the very inconsiderable authority of Mr. Digby Seymour, but through the grave deliverances of the Lord Chief Justice and three of his puisne colleagues. No one would presume to question the ruling of the Court of Queen's Bench on a point of law, but there is some temptation to remark that the judgments delivered in the case of the Boiler-makers' Society were more emphatic against trades' unions in general than the mere legal occasion called for, and more emphatic than they would have been but for the recent discussions in the *Times*. Encouraged by such striking proofs of its influence, that journal has at length arrived at the point for which it has been making so long. No longer with the oblique gait of Mr. Dickens's Cousin Feenix, but with a direct and assured step, the *Times* now proceeds to advocate reactionary legislation. These things are signs, and some of them in very awkward quarters, of prejudices which cannot conduce, except antagonistically, to the attainment of any sound understanding on the relations between capital and labour. On the other hand, we can point with satisfaction to a recent leading article in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in which we find, strongly and shrewdly supported, several of those considerations which, at the outset of this controversy, some weeks ago, we submitted to our readers. In spite of all that has been said on the other side, therefore, encouragement is not wanting to persevere in the course we deliberately chose. There is much—there must be much—in the conduct of the trades' unions to merit reproof from public writers, and to demand correction from public opinion. Neglected too long, as matters merely concerning the lower classes, they have been subject to no check except that arising from differences of opinion amongst themselves. It is high time that the opinion of other and more educated classes should be expressed—and if wisely expressed, it would be at once influential on the conduct and policy of the artisans. But such crude and violent comments as have lately been promulgated, will have no effect except to increase the obstinacy of working men, to stop all self-questioning among them, and to strengthen the authority of those leaders whose conduct the *Times* and other authorities so positively condemn. Rash and ignorant criticism never yet had any other result. Say to a sceptic "you're an infidel, and that's enough," and who can suppose you are likely to win him to orthodoxy? Show him where he is wrong, and the attempt may gain you a victory in argument, at least in the opinion of the bystanders, whose judgment will probably weigh with the heterodox man. At any rate, you will have prevented his making converts. But for some reason recent writers and speakers on trades' unions have preferred the former method, ignoring all possibility of the masters being wrong, and assuming that workmen are bound to take whatever wages are offered them rather than strike. Whether, from the columns of the *Times*, or from the bench of the Newcastle Sessions, or from the lips of the Lord Chief Justice, or from those of the Liverpool Stipendiary, there comes the same cry of well-bred astonishment, "On strike? and so much distress abroad! What insensate folly! What illegal restriction of trade! What bad political economy!" But all this time, law, political economy, and natural rights are all in favour of the right of striking upon sufficient grounds. How is it, then, that those who denounce strikes neither suggest any better mode of settlement, nor attempt to prove, as perhaps they could if they tried, that the particular strikes which have roused their ire were unjustifiable? What we insist upon is, that while these considerations are unnoticed, and strikes generally tilted at with Quixotic rage, nothing but class irritation and hostility can ensue, and men of capital know that this will injure their interests quite as much as those of labour.

Now we are for substituting, for all this useless bitterness and abuse, a candid but most searching investigation of each case, in the great public journals. There are many competent workmen and many thoroughly informed masters who could review, in an able manner, the most recent strikes, especially those which, according to the wholesale statements in the *Times*, have worked all the mischief under which our trade is now suffering. Let the *Times* open its columns to such a discussion. It would be far better and more useful than any Royal Commission or Parliamentary Committee, because the letters would be far more generally read than any Blue-book;

and we guarantee that from such a correspondence would be developed abundant means of arriving at a sound conclusion as to the wisdom or unwisdom, justice or injustice, of the proceedings of the trades' unions. Of itself this would not be of so much service as some people imagine, for no one proposes to make strikes and combinations criminal; and though the Court of Queen's Bench declares that, being for the restriction of trade, they are, though not criminal, illegal, and that therefore no pecuniary obligations connected with them can be enforced at law, this is equally true of iron-rigs and other arrangements of the masters, but was never known to prevent them. An occasional defaulting subscriber, or even an absconding treasurer, not punishable under the Friendly Societies Act, will not in the least affect the stability of trades' unions; and even if the *Times* could prove all it has assumed, there would be no possibility of preventing by law the combinations of which it complains. Of course, it would be possible to alter the law, but to do what the *Times* wishes, the alteration must be an unmistakable one. No mere declaratory Acts would suffice. The *Times* need not hope to see that, pronounced conspiracy, which the Act of 1824 expressly legalized; and if the Act of 1824 were repealed, we should be plunged in a sea of social troubles which none of us would like to contemplate. More is, therefore, to be expected from debate than from legislation. A discussion which justly appraised the merits of the masters and the men in the recent dispute, would habituate public opinion to the consideration of such questions, and give a basis and precedents for the consideration of future cases. What legislation could only mischievously attempt, public opinion would insensibly and naturally accomplish. English classes do not wilfully ill-use each other, and if self-interest betrays either the masters or the men into extortionate demands—and be it remembered that the refusal of fair wages is an extortionate demand quite as truly as a requisition for unreasonably high pay—there is a power and a discretion in the press quite to be trusted to put down the party which is bent on injustice. But this is not to be hoped for so long as the leading organ of opinion prefers to be the echo and aggravator of mere class prejudices, chooses to pronounce absolutely against trades' union organizations, and suggests their virtual abolition without entertaining the possibility of anything being said in their defence.

We should have great contempt for the working classes if they could pay any deference to the sort of rebukes to which they have lately been subject; and yet they must have committed many errors in their various strikes for which one would wish to see them reprov'd in an impressive and effective manner. The first result of the late discussions has been, as we foretold it would be, the agitation in the trades' unions themselves of proposals for international arrangements between operatives; but, strange to say, the *Times* regards this proof of its own folly as the establishment of its case. Understanding the assimilation of wages to be the object of the unions—that is, understanding the trades' unions fatuously to propose that wages in Belgium should be as high as in England—the *Times* tells them that their proposition proves that they have attempted a game which cannot be won without the achievement of impossibilities. When Mr. Potter and his conclave read this they must have laughed at it. Their publications have probably quoted it with ridicule. The lodges of the unions will see in it another proof of the hard-heartedness and soft-headedness of the middle classes. For an international system of trades' unions has long been thought of, and it never yet occurred to any one but the *Times* that it was essential that wages should be at precisely the same figure over the whole area of their operations. Wages are not precisely the same in the same trades even in the different towns of England, and yet the trades' unions, according to the *Times*, find it quite practicable to get their own way. The *Times* is, perhaps, not aware that in the case of the tailors, international arrangements were lately found quite sufficiently advanced to prevent Mr. Poole from "finding himself with labour from any quarter he thought proper." Does this prove that Mr. Poole was wrong and the journeymen tailors right? Certainly not. But it proves that if these questions are to be intelligently discussed, and if the artisans are to be convinced of the wisdom of their social superiors, it cannot be by persuading them of the impossibility of establishing international trade organizations. In the same article we read of the "excessive demands of English workmen;" but there has been no attempt to show that those demands are excessive, except by proving that Belgian artisans demand less, an argument which would be very disastrous if applied to architects, sculptors, and advocates. But the *Times*, having just told the trades' unions it is impossible to assimilate the wages of labour abroad and at

home, tells the masters that, even without trades' unions, they could not guarantee the personal safety of any men they might introduce from the Continent. If, then, the wages abroad cannot be raised by the trades' unions, and the wages at home cannot be lowered by the masters, to what are we coming? According to the *Times* the result will be that "the trades' unions must run their course till they are taught by bitter experience how finite, how easily exhausted, is that capital on which they are making such reiterated demands, as if they believed it would never come to an end." We know not whether this sentence is more remarkable for its cool assumptions of facts, its reckless imputation of moral blame, its false political economy, or its absurd anticipations of the future. This trades' union discussion, especially in its connection with the iron trade, is only a temporary one. It will pass away, and our exaggerated apprehensions of national disaster will go with it. But it is too probable that owing to the bad spirit in which the subject has been approached by the principal leaders of public opinion, we shall prove hereafter to have lost the best opportunity we could have hoped for of arriving at a good understanding between capital and labour, and of teaching the middle and operative classes to know each other.

ILLIBERAL LIBERALISM.

THE right of private judgment, that was once persecuted as a heresy, is now received and lauded as a cardinal article of our social faith; in politics, religion, literature, its legitimate empire is recognised by all; the press dins its praises in our ears with a wearisome monotony; the man who disputes its supremacy must possess the courage either of a philosopher or of a fool. Yet a vigilant observer finds too much reason to doubt the depth of this lip-loyalty—too many evidences of intolerance to receive these boastful deliverances with an unquestioning faith. He sees that our apparent allegiance is not proof against even the mildest forms of temptation, that the intolerant spirit, whose knell of doom we never tire of ringing, is every day resuscitated, disguised, but in full strength of bitterness, in those places where we least of all might expect to meet it. It is not, perhaps, so strange to find it vigorous in theological disputes: thence it has never been formally expelled; and, however hateful we may consider its presence, we can hardly brand it as illogical and absurd. But if there be any soil which we would be justified in calling the most uncongenial to the growth of dogmatism—if there be any department of human thought or action where that noxious principle would be thoroughly incongruous and immoral, politics must, by all Liberals, be regarded as pre-eminently such. The very name of our party stands out as a protest against the conduct of those who would compel assent where they are unable to arouse conviction—who would establish an intellectual despotism, more or less stringent, over all within the limits of their influence. Nor are the maxims and traditions of Liberalism less clearly opposed to this habit of mind. Freedom of opinion and freedom of discussion form the secret of all the triumphs we have won over misused authority and bigoted blindness. They have been maintained by the genius and the devotion of the greatest thinkers and statesmen; by Milton and Locke, and one who, coming after, is in all ways worthy to be ranked with those great names—John Stuart Mill. To these fundamental principles of Liberalism those men are traitors who, whatever their intellectual power, their culture, or their practical capacity, endeavour to force their opinions upon others and to dictate their acceptance by the flimsy terrorism of ridicule or revilings. We have observed with regret the progress of this self-styled autocracy of culture. Beginning with certain narrow cliques, prominent, though not influential, in society, the dogmatic habit has infected journalism to a very deplorable extent, and, with its opposite evil—cynicism, divides the possession of nearly all our higher order of newspapers and reviews. A more vicious tendency could not beset periodical literature—in this country especially, where anonymous comment is the rule. English journalism must steer clear of the Scylla-Charybdis, must learn to hold an earnest political faith without branding every dissident as a knave or a fool.

More than one conspicuous instance of the dogmatic habit in journalism will probably suggest themselves to most of our readers. Indeed the abuse has of late been growing—has assumed an aggressive character, which stamps it as thoroughly dangerous. Those conventions, which we have congratulated ourselves as a nation on establishing in political controversy, have been treated with little respect by public teachers, calling themselves Liberals; we could mention many examples in

which Mr. Garth and his like have been outdone by the apostolate of "thought." But this is not nearly the worst. Grave an error as it is to introduce into political discussions a coarseness of language which is but a poor substitute for strength, it is trifling compared with the recklessness of imputation which commonly accompanies it. We cannot see what useful end is served by denouncing honest politicians of a different view as contemptible fools, or men utterly unprincipled, and actuated by base motives. Yet this is the tone of some of our most pretentious contemporaries towards their antagonists. Their habit is to lay down facts and opinions with an assumption of universal wisdom and a confidence of never varying accuracy—to make their assertions in the broadest form and the strongest language—and so to leave themselves in case of a dispute without any other weapon of argument except vulgar vituperation. Dogmatism, if anywhere enduring, is enduring only in the writings of the very greatest men; even there it gives us the sense of an unwholesome atmosphere, chokes our mental lungs with the want of intellectual ventilation. To be sure, this healthy instinct of repulsion is not of long continuance; use deadens us to the danger; if we do not reassert in time our right of free thought, we are certain to yield ourselves up bound and helpless to the fatal fascination of an *ipse dixit*. This evil is but too common in our day; indolence of mind makes of us a mere flock of sheep, ready to jump wherever our bell-wether leads; so we see men of high mental power like Ruskin and Kingsley surrender their intellectual independence at the bidding of Carlyle; and Carlyle is only one among many Supreme Pontiffs whom the devotion of various little cliques and sects worship, each as a sacro-sanct authority in politics or literature, philosophy or religion. If this spiritual despotism is so intolerable a thing where it is wielded by men of genius, what shall we say when we see an equal infallibility claimed with equal arrogance by men of mediocre ability, but immense self-assertion? These "little would-be Popes"—to change slightly the meaning of a celebrated line of the Laureate's—obnoxious as they are in society, are still more so in journalism. A superficial knowledge of politics—a boldness of statement on every subject—an assumption, now somewhat staled, of peculiar sources of information—a very insignificant amount of "culture"—and an individualized excited style not less opposed to every canon of good taste than the sensational screams of the *Telegraph*—this is the sorry foundation upon which our hierophants of "thoughtful Liberalism" erect their edifice of dogmatism. And these men naturally are those who seek most assiduously for the reputation of originality; so that we have seen the great currents of national thought ignored and insulted for the glorification of some small individual eddy of "thoughtful" opinion whose central whirlings, we have been told, represent most accurately the mighty stream of human progress. All this, no doubt, is in a great measure the outcome of vanity, but it is also, to some extent, chosen as a politic course. Many will mistake blank assertion for triumphant argument—will be dazzled by the frippery of a spasmodic style and a bastard originality—will save themselves the trouble of thought by yielding to the autocracy of the "thoughtful." Many will consider it an evidence of Liberalism to differ from the majority, merely because it is the majority, without taking care to find out on what grounds its prejudices or predilections are based, to exalt as the highest specimens of genius and virtue men of whom nobody has ever heard, to find in everything and every one—whether Reform Bill or Ministry, or orator, or professor of metaphysics—some merit or defect which had been hidden from the general eye. And therefore our thoughtful despots, who are "nothing if not singular," enjoy a certain popularity, and court it by variations of singularity as much as Blondin, or Ethardo, or Léotard.

Even in the low view of success, this affectation and arrogance is on the whole a mistake. In the long run those public teachers will be most successful who conform to the duties of their task, who encourage the expression of every honest development of thought, who, in fact, perceive that their efforts should be directed rather to teach the mind to form opinions than to force opinions ready-made upon it. Diversity is the keystone of a high standard of national excellence, and the very essence of the liberal creed in especial is, that it should embrace every variety of opinion consistent with its fundamental principle. Private judgment, it is true, may survive any petty attempts to crush it, but these are not the less foolish and wicked. "However unwillingly," says Mr. Mill, "a person who has a strong opinion may admit the possibility that his opinion may be false, he ought to be moved by the consideration that, however true it may be, if it is not

fully, frequently, and fearlessly discussed, it will be held as a dead dogma,—not a living truth." Upon this ground alone the observance of a modesty and reticence towards adversaries is most desirable, but the case is much stronger when, as is mostly the fact in those journals to which we have alluded, the opinions which it is sought to stifle are those of a majority. The domination of a majority over a minority is more dangerous than the assumed infallibility of a clique, but it is much less offensive. Nor is the latter evil without its attendant danger also. Intolerant arrogance is too much in the nature of a contagion; if it be not checked in time, it will spread from one department of controversy to another, and strike a fatal blow at those liberal doctrines in support of which it was ostensibly invoked.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S RECENT SPEECHES AND LECTURES.

If we may judge by Mr. Goldwin Smith's late activity, Oxford's loss is England's gain. He has not only been lecturing to large audiences at Manchester upon Pym and Cromwell, with that peculiar historical knowledge and insight which he alone of contemporary historical writers possesses, but has been making speeches at Bradford and elsewhere upon Reform, and strikes, and co-operative societies (both distributive and productive), which, though we are not sanguine enough to share the speaker's hopes, or even to agree altogether with his political economy, open up views of the highest interest. As also in Mr. Gladstone's case, if Oxford has lost much, Mr. Goldwin Smith has gained much. He is emancipated from many trammels. He breathes a freer atmosphere. And yet his loss to Oxford is greatly to be deplored. Liberalism can ill spare him. Nor is his loss counterbalanced when we remember by whom the Chair of History at the sister University is filled. Mr. Goldwin Smith and Professor Kingsley are both professed Liberals, yet no two minds are so differently constituted. The liberalism of Mr. Goldwin Smith leads to freedom, that of Professor Kingsley to despotism. Grant Mr. Goldwin Smith his premises, and his conclusions are generally right; but Professor Kingsley generally argues from right premises to wrong conclusions. Mr. Goldwin Smith is opposed to Governor Eyre on purely constitutional grounds; Professor Kingsley supports Governor Eyre upon the transcendental notion that we must "take things upon trust." Mr. Goldwin Smith engages in controversy with the *Times*, and within six months the cession of the Ionian Islands proves the soundness of his arguments. On the other hand, Professor Kingsley engages on the right-side of the argument against Dr. Newman, and is turned into the world's laughing-stock. Again, Mr. Goldwin Smith admires the Puritans, but he admires them with a wise discretion and large allowances; on the other hand, Professor Kingsley also admires them, but appeals for our sympathy on the grounds of courting in particular, and muscular Christianity in general. In short, Mr. Goldwin Smith was the right man in the right place at Oxford, whilst Mr. Kingsley is about as much fit to be Professor of History as a woman is to fill the Chair of Logic. We are here, however, not going to draw any more comparisons between the two. When Mr. Goldwin Smith's lectures upon Pym and Cromwell are published, as we trust they will be, we may, perhaps, then take the opportunity of comparing them with the course which Professor Kingsley is now delivering at the Royal Institution, and of determining how far the latter deserves the very strong title of "the howling idiot," which the late Master of Trinity is said to have bestowed upon him. Our purpose, just now, however, is very different. We wish to call attention to Mr. Goldwin Smith's speech at the recent Reform meeting at Bradford, and more especially to that portion of it which refers to Reform. To say that it was eloquent, is to say nothing, for the justice of his cause always gives Mr. Goldwin Smith eloquence. Some of his humorous hits, too, were most telling. His reply to the Tory journalist who stated that the result of a popular suffrage was the selection of Barabbas, was perfect. Mr. Smith begged to remind him that the high priests, and Pharisees, and scribes, as well as the people, had something to do with the choice. The portion, however, of the speech to which we wish to call attention is summed up in one or two short sentences. "The great object and aim of the present Reform movement," said Mr. Goldwin Smith, "is to do away with class government, and to substitute national government in its room. The great object to be struggled for was this—that government of and for a class should cease, and should be succeeded by government of and for the nation." In these words is the

true answer to all who may ask the question, what do you want by more Reform? And the answer may be still further enlarged by adding, with Mr. Goldwin Smith, that the blessings will be felt not so much by the present unenfranchised class, as by those who now monopolize the power of government—in becoming members not of a mere privileged order, but of a nation united by sympathy. Such is the answer, we take it, all true Reformers would give. And when their opponents taunt them with setting up class against class, their true answer should be—it is class-rule we wish to abolish. This is the true meaning of the present Reform agitation. Our opponents simply misrepresent us when they declare that we wish to throw the balance of power into the hands of one party. But the Tories are likely to outwit themselves by their own tactics. Mr. Goldwin Smith well showed how miserably the policy of Oxford Toryism had recently worked. That University, instead of humbling Mr. Gladstone, had simply doubled his strength. In Mr. Gladstone were united many of the elements of Conservatism. He was attached by sympathy and a certain poetical temperament to many old forms. He was in favour of primogeniture. He supported University tests. But in spite of all this, Oxford turned out Mr. Gladstone; and Oxford will probably rue the day. And the same treatment which Mr. Gladstone experienced from the Tories at Oxford, Mr. Mill is experiencing from the Whigs. The Whigs do not seem to be able to discern their true friends any more than the Tories. The Tories call Mr. Mill a "political Free Lance;" but the Whigs actually treat him as if he were one. And yet Mr. Mill, like all true Reformers, is eminently Conservative. He wishes minorities to be represented. He is opposed to the ballot-box. What Mr. Goldwin Smith said he, too, has often and long before been said in different language—that the benefit of a class is comprised in the benefit of the nation at large. And this is, we repeat, what is meant by Reform—the benefit of the nation at large; of no class, but of every class. This should ever be kept steadfastly in view. And by clearly enunciating this doctrine Mr. Goldwin Smith gave real value to his speech at Bradford. Generally speaking, Reform is obscured by party considerations; and it is to Mr. Smith's credit that he put the matter in so plain a light that it cannot, except wilfully, be misunderstood. We must now say a few words about his more recent speech upon strikes and co-operative societies, which at first do not seem to have much connection with Reform, but are intimately bound up with its success. Mr. Goldwin Smith's speech was in reality a philosophical sketch of the history of industry. He showed how industry, like everything else, passed through a succession of phases, each of them equally necessary. As he remarked, they are not antagonistic, but developed one out of the other. Serf-labour in due time gives way to free labour. Capital, too, he thinks, is now probably giving way before co-operation. But the transition period in both cases is marked by strife and bitterness. Strikes and lock-outs have been the characteristics of the latter. In the co-operative principle, however, Mr. Smith fancies that he foresees the greatest blessing to society, and the solution of the most difficult social problems. Taking, in short, Bacon's celebrated saying, that gold by itself is like a dung-heap, of no good but when spread abroad, he applied the moral to the benefits to be produced by co-operative societies. The happiness of nations, he well said, depends not upon the amount, but the distribution of wealth.

As we hinted, we think Mr. Smith's is far too flattering a view of the benefits to be produced by co-operative societies, whether distributive or productive. We should have been far better pleased to have heard him answer some of the objections which have, in our opinion, been legitimately urged against them. Co-operative societies for distribution, where the market already exists, will probably answer, though we do not think, for many reasons, that the benefits will be so great as are expected. Co-operative societies, however, for production appear to us to make so great a demand for a very high order of education, intelligence, and what is rarest of all, mutual confidence, that the very first conditions which are required for success cannot be obtained. In the meanwhile, however, the success of the Manchester and Salford Co-operative Stores Society is a proof that the workmen do possess the very qualifications which are needed for the possession of the franchise. And this brings us to the point. These very societies which require such qualifications in their members in some cases, as in co-operative societies for production, so rare, that we believe they are unattainable, as above a human standard of perfection, are yet denounced by the Tories as revolutionary. When the people are uneducated they are denounced as savages; when they educate themselves they are condemned as revolutionists.

It is hard, indeed, to please some persons, and after a little time we give up all hope of doing so. The best intentions are set down as malice, and virtues are stigmatized as crimes. We are, however, convinced that the cause of Reform is just; and though we therefore feel that its success is certain, yet that success will not be achieved without a great constitutional struggle.

THE DISTRESS AT THE EAST-END.

AFTER inexplicable delay, a Mansion House Relief Committee has been formed to preserve thousands of people in the East-end of London from dying of starvation. We mentioned several weeks ago the fact that the distress in this quarter had got beyond the reach both of the workhouses and the local charities. They toiled in vain to relieve it; and that the former did not labour in a niggardly spirit may be understood from the fact that the poor-rate now amounts to eight shillings in the pound, an excessive sum in so poor a district. Sixteen thousand people were out of work. Some, perhaps, were in this position not by their own will, but because, as members of a trades' union they had surrendered their liberty of action, and must work or stand idle as the word of command from head-quarters bade them. But though a percentage may have been voluntary martyrs, the bulk were out of work because there was no work for them. The crisis of last spring had choked one source of industry after another. Cholera followed it, and on this district of London poured out the chief vials of its wrath. Then as cholera declined winter came on, and all this time hundreds of families were living on what they could pawn, subsidized by what they could extract from the relieving officers, which in so poor a district could not be much. The case was not quite so bad as an Orissa famine, or a Quebec fire. But it was bad enough, and in some respects it was even worse than those calamities. For the people were starving in the very midst of plenty. There was no famine raging through the territory in which they lived; no sea of fire making sport of their houses. They were inhabitants of London, lying within a quarter of an hour's drive of the banquetting halls of civic gluttony. But winter crept on and the City did nothing: Presently, after creeping, it made a tiger-spring upon its prey. Then arose on all hands the cry that the destitution was appalling. And now when public attention has been thus thoroughly roused, but not before, we have a Mansion House Relief Committee.

Not before it was needed. Local charity has not been idle. Committees have been formed, and have now for some weeks made appeals to the public which have been responded to. One committee admits to having received upwards of a thousand pounds since Christmas. But, in spite of all this, the tide of misery advances. In Poplar the destitution was so great by the first week in January that the relieving-officers had to give up in despair the task of visiting the families who applied for help, of whom a single officer had as many as a thousand upon his books, each family representing at least five persons. Any one who has the time and the heart to inquire personally into the condition of these poor people, will find them, we are told by one who describes what he has seen, sitting surrounded by bare walls, with neither bed nor clothing, their children almost naked and famishing, their wives in silent despair. The case is given of an ironworker out of employment for many months, who has during that time been living on his savings, and now he and his family have nothing to lie upon but the bare floor, and nothing to cover them but a single sheet. Similar cases may be found, sufficient to fill a volume. Of dock and wharf labourers living in the East-end there are 20,000 out of employment, who have not earned a shilling for two months. About 15,000 of them keep body and soul together in wretched companionship by pledging and selling their things; while the rest achieve the same feat by help of the scanty relief doled out to them at the workhouse-gate. Scenes so sickening and heartrending have never before been witnessed in the same locality, though it includes Bethnal-green. This destitution has been growing for the last six or eight months. Until then, as many as 30,000 men were employed in the various shipbuilding yards in Millwall and Blackwall; now, not as many as 5,000. Is it a fact, as asserted by the secretary of the local committees, that some weeks ago the Lord Mayor was ready to form a committee if the employers in the distressed district would countenance it, and that they refused to do so? If it is so, we do not say that the Lord Mayor stands excused by their default; but the fact throws an unpleasant glare of light upon the state of feeling between capital and labour.

We may trust now that the worst will shortly be over, and that a strong and steady stream of charity will flow into the

hands of the Mansion House Relief Committee, and by them be distributed so as to bring prompt and efficacious aid to every home where it is wanted. We have no doubt that this will be so. During the prevalence of cholera, the Relief Committee which sat at the Mansion House, did immense good. It will do so now, for this reason if for no other, that it is a body which every one will recognise and trust. That is, above all things, what is wanted in such a case. When local committees spring up here and there, without common action, and most probably jealous of one another, people are withheld from subscribing because they have no means of selecting between this committee and that, while those who do subscribe are as likely as not to send help where it is least needed. There may also be a doubt in the minds of many whether the claim made on their purses is valid. Localities have a natural tendency to bud into committees, and there is an amount of patronage incident to the distribution of relief, whose fascinations even in the cause of charity are not always to be resisted. Then, as distress spreads to other districts, the multiplicity of committees becomes perfectly bewildering. All these objections disappear when such men as those who compose a Mansion House Relief Committee appeal to the public for help. Then, help is at once forthcoming, only limited by the need for it. Observe what these Mansion House Committees have done very recently. Not to go even so far back as the Lancashire Distress, they have, within a few months, rendered priceless service in the cholera visitation, the Indian famine, the Quebec fire, and the colliery explosions. They have become, in fact, an organization to which people look whenever a great calamity occurs, and which has at command a whole system of minor organizations by which it can assuage any sort of suffering that money can relieve throughout the metropolis. But these committees have done more than that. They have shown the possibility of enlisting honorary agents in the distribution of charity who will not shrink from the labour, and often the thanklessness, it involves. But—honour to whom honour is due—this proof, it must be admitted, was first made by the "Society for the Relief of Distress," a permanent and ever active association, chiefly of laymen, who make no distinction between this sect or that, but who, in the man who is sick or hungry, or in any way in want of such help as they can give, see only a suffering fellow-creature, and at once give him the succour he stands in need of. It is well that such a society exists. In this monster capital there must be perennial misery to a greater or less extent which improvised committees cannot touch, and which the workhouses will not, even if the sufferers could so far humble themselves as to ask them. There must indeed be much more of such misery than this excellent Society can reach; and when we consider what a mine of disgrace and reproach our Poor-law charity has been to us, it is a comfort to think that we have at least one body of men out of a population of three millions who are willing to put their shoulder to the wheel, not for a spasmodic effort, shedding effulgence over the names of chairmen and committee-men, of honorary secretaries and treasurers and subscribers, but for permanent and persistent work.

Surely it cannot be that amongst a people who have so many natural good qualities, of which good feeling is not the least, we should only be able to raise one such body as the "Society for the Relief of Distress!" We have seen within eight months similar bodies constituted, but with a special, not a permanent aim. We do not quarrel with this temporary character of their efforts. It is, perhaps, essential to their efficacy. But when we see what our Mansion House Relief Committees can do in forming a centre of benevolent action which is trusted by all, and round which the public are ready to rally when a special call is made upon its benevolence, and when we consider what the "Society for the Relief of Distress" is always doing for the perennial sufferings of London, we cannot doubt that we have in these bodies the germs of a charitable organization which shall relieve us from the deep disgrace of the Poor-Law administration. There may be paupers—we fear they are not a few—for whom the workhouse, if it could be divested of its more atrocious manifestations, would be a sufficient provision; a sort of *quasi*-criminal establishment, to which none save those who could not show a clean bill of health as to character would resort. For such paupers the workhouse might still be an efficient institution, acting as a deterrent to idlers and vagabonds. But to this class of the community its labours and expenditure should be restricted. We would not suffer it to have jurisdiction over any phase of necessitous misfortune. We hope, and we believe, that the honourable poor, the poor who would not receive relief if they could help it, may be otherwise provided for. For great emergencies there is the Mansion House Relief Committee. For

habitual distress there is the example of the "Society for the Relief of Distress." Let the "localities" imitate that example, and found, each of them, a similar society of its own. We know now, at least, that every year will bring its season of difficulty—it may be cholera, or a financial crisis, or frost and snow. But against one or other of such chances every district of the metropolis should be provided by a society of its own. When the pressure is unusually great, the Mansion House Committee will come to the aid of local ones. But in any case it will be an ease to the metropolitan conscience to know that the poor and needy have some refuge more Christian to fly to than that which has so long burdened the earth and disgraced this nation.

THE BARD OF THE "GLOBE."

By the bard of the *Globe* we do not mean William Shakespeare of the Globe Theatre, but a somewhat obscurer poet, who adorns the pages of our evening contemporary. Since its conversion to Toryism, our contemporary has broken out into political verse. Contrary to the proverb, our contemporary was not born poetical, but has been made so. Political satire in verse, however, has always been the strong point of the Tories, from the days of Aristophanes down to those of Canning. The tanner, the sausage-seller, and the knife-grinder are, with Demus himself, historical characters. And now the bard of the *Globe* essays to give us the carpet-manufacturer of Cronkeyshaw Mills. But, unfortunately, he can't even lift the whip of Aristophanes, much less crack it. He wants more strength to his elbow, and more brains to his head. His highest idea of satire is to call Gladstone "an erratic individual" (*Globe*, Nov. 19); to denounce Bright as "a famous democrat" (*Globe*, Oct. 9). To this kind of imbecility are we reduced after the "Knights," with its outrageous fun and sparkling satire. When the bard does strike a blow, the lash cuts him across his own face. Thus, in his "Temple Bar Parliament," in which he supposed Mr. Bright to choose the first six hundred and fifty-eight men who pass through Temple Bar, he writes:—

"Who comes first? if the roll began on
A *Star* compositor, all were right;
What if there passed a reverend Canon
Of great St. Paul's—would it suit friend Bright?"

We would remind the bard that the greatest Canon of St. Paul's in modern days has been Sydney Smith, and we need not say with whom he would sympathize. But we should just as soon expect to find Sydney Smith's liberality as Sydney Smith's wit in the bard of the *Globe*. His sole idea of wit is that given in the chorus in the "Knights,"—

Μέμνησέ νυν
Δάκνεν, καταβάλλεν.

But as it may be thought unfair to deal with him in merely isolated passages, we will criticise a whole poem or two. Let us take, for instance, one of his latest productions, "A Hundred Years Ago," which appeared in the *Globe* as recently as January 21. Thus the bard commences:—

"Change is the law of mortal life,
And well the past may seem,
When hushed in all its furious strife,
The reflex of a dream.
Time is a limitless ocean,
Whose waves in centuries flow;
Look back a moment o'er its tide
A hundred years ago."

The first line is certainly a bold innovation for a Tory bard. Generally his theme is the beauty of constancy, and his creed that of the old woman, who never knew any change except for the worse. The "reflex of a dream" is mysteriously beautiful, and reminds us of "the shadow of a sound,"—an order of metaphor which will not stand the profane touch of common sense. The comparison of time to an ocean (limited or unlimited) has, however, we think, been made before by Tupper and other great poets. The bard is more happy in the next stanza, when he proceeds:—

"The *Times* belonged to future time,
The *Globe* to coming fates;
It would have been an awful crime
To publish the debates."

The illustration by the case of the *Times*, that change is the law of life is, we think, very apposite. The line is, in short, a happy adaptation of "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis." The other illustration in the case of the bard's own *Globe* is equally pointed, when we remember the

great political change it has lately undergone. We regret to say that the middle of the poem is hardly equal to the opening stanzas. The poet's historical knowledge leaves him sometimes in great difficulties. Thus he describes Goldsmith by the epithet "rare," which has hitherto been applied to Ben Jonson; and represents Goethe as a "flirt" and a "bore." The conclusion, however, worthily atones for all historical shortcomings. As the bard sings:—

"The marvels of a century hence
No mortal mind may know;
But 'tis well to mark how stood the world
A hundred years ago."

Previously, the bard had told us that change was the law of life; but after all, it appears that a hundred years ago the world stood still. And so it really does for all such people as the bard of the *Globe*. But we will not criticise him upon such a theme as a "Hundred Years Ago," which demands historical knowledge, but rather on some subject of the present day, which requires only a little observation. For instance, in the *Globe* for January 4, we find a poem upon Snow. Here the bard cannot plead ignorance of his subject:—

"The holidays of Christmas
Form quite a pleasant isthmus
Between the year arriving
And that which has to go:
And when your health is thriving,
You think the weather splendid,
If Christmas is attended
By copious falls of snow."

There is a freshness about this like the virgin snow itself, unpolluted by a single soot-flake. We were in the other poem disappointed when the poet compared time to an ocean, and not unnaturally complained of such a commonplace idea; but to compare the Christmas holidays to an isthmus, round which we suppose the ocean of time is flowing, strikes us as both original and sublime. The rhyme, too, of "Christmas" and "isthmus" strikes us as equally original. A slight lisp, however, will remove any difficulty in the way of harmony which any reader may feel. As to the conclusion of the stanza, most people can answer for themselves whether they have liked the late weather. We can, however, truly say that we prefer it to the poet's rhyme, "splendid" and "attended." The poet next goes on to describe the effect of snow in the country, which, he says, not only improves the flavour of ghost stories, but that of port. At least, this seems to be only the meaning we can attach to the stanza:—

"More genial seems the flagon;
You listen *con amore*
To every grim ghost story,
While soft descends the snow."

There are, indeed, wonders in nature. And from this stanza comets and snow appear to have the same effect on wine. But it is upon snow in the City that the poet has reserved his real powers:—

"But men of London City,
Deserve sincerest pity
When cabs are driving tandem—
At treble fare, you know.
When whoso roams at random
Must walk with careful paces,
For very slippery places
Result from frozen snow."

The introduction of the word "cabs" by the well-known figure of Synecdoche, for the vulgar "cabbies," strikes us as very beautiful. By this figure it is that we call the gallant Lancers who charged at the Dungarvan election "the horse;" and the man who cleans our shoes, "Boots." The rhyme "tandem" and "random" partakes rather too much of the quality of the latter word. We would, indeed, preserving as well as we can the eccentricities of the bard's rhymes, rewrite the whole of the latter portion of the stanza as follows:—

"When those who drink at random,
Had best use their own chaises,
Or it of "leg" a case is,
With tandem cabs in snow."

For those, however, who may not keep their own carriages, and cannot afford to be "legged" by cabbies, the lines would naturally run thus:—

"When whoso drinks at random,
Must walk with careful paces,
For very black eyes and faces
Result from falls on snow."

The poet, after he has dealt with the snow in the streets, next mounts upon the leads of the houses, and proceeds to sing of it there. We, however, think his rhyme is better suited for

the sewers than the housetops. Thus he breaks forth into lamentation:—

"It is a time of penance
For the unlucky tenants
Of tenements with level
Roofs, whence no stream can flow."

His favourite snow has, like his rhymes, its drawbacks. "Penance" and "tenants" are among those of the latter. In another place, however, we find that he rhymes "clients" and "defiance" (*Globe*, Oct. 18), and "thinks" and "Sphinx" (*Globe*, Dec. 11). We once knew a carpenter who spelt "bricks" with an *x*, and this is the way in which the bard of the *Globe* evidently imagined "thinks" was spelt, until the compositors put him right.

But it is in the last stanza that the bard very properly reaches his climax. The moral that he draws from the recent fall of snow is not to wear cork soles for the feet or comforters for the throat, but to send for Louis Napoleon. Snow, it seems, speaks Toryism:—

"Who are the malefactors,
Vestries, or street contractors?
Oh, for one hour of Louis
Napoleon, who would know
How to make each man rue his
Resolve from work to keep off:
The Imperial broom would sweep off
The Vestries with the snow."

Louis Napoleon was once a special constable in London, and fortune may some day make him a street-sweeper. In no other way do we think that it is likely that he will meddle with, what we shall venture to call, our snow. We must beg pardon for again calling attention to the rhyme, but as there is no sense to call attention to, we have no other resource. "Louis" and "rue his" seems to show either that the bard does not know how to pronounce "Louis," or else in his zeal wishes to at once naturalize his hero and favourite snow-sweeper without naturalizing the spelling of his Christian name. For several reasons we unhesitatingly adopt the former conclusion. When he comes to other proper names the bard blunders. Thus, his pronunciation of Pius is evidently peculiar—

"That no one can tell us the ultimate bias
Of the city of Cæsar, and Pasquin, and Pius."

So, too, he pronounces Victoria "Victoriay," and makes it rhyme with "day." But as he has so often broken the Queen's English, it does not matter much what he does with her name.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF DINING.

It must be a source of deep thankfulness to all reflective beings that if the nineteenth century errs in any of the essentials of life, it does not err from want of guidance. Not only are all the great writers of past ages—the classics, the fathers, the schoolmen, the English divines, the English poets, and Mr. Tupper,—constantly edited and illustrated, but new sages arise to enforce those older lessons, and to extend the domains of science. Plato could not have written on Parliamentary Reform. Demosthenes could not have spoken upon it. The question of Trades' Unions would have puzzled Aristotle, though, as some men discover in Aristotle everything down to negro slavery, we should not be surprised if one of his works was shown to contain the modern law of Master and Servant. However this may be, it is certain that even the Deipnologists, mentioned by Athenæus and deplored by Mr. Jowett, could not have described *diners à la Russe* as ably as the gentlemen whom Messrs. Warne and Routledge have retained for their handbooks of carving. Each of these excellent publishers has sent us a little manual for the dinner table, and the perusal of these manuals has confirmed us in our old opinion, that the moderns are far superior to the ancients. The ancients, indeed, eat and drank, and that copiously. But they had not the same exalted opinion of the process as prevails at present. They either looked on eating as a necessity of life, after the manner of Balbus, who eat to live, or as a rare and supreme enjoyment, after that of Caius, who lived to eat. Both these views are respectable in their way, but they fall very much below Messrs. Warne's standard. According to the philosopher charged by Messrs. Warne with the duty of edifying us on the subject, dinner is the great touchstone of society. In the first place it is a sign of friendship. The Count of Monte Christo made a point of never eating under the roof of those against whom he was plotting; and this feeling survives in all its force to the present day. All men hold the mahogany sacred. Even if they prefer Marsala to sherry, they never

hint at it so that the host may hear them. No man ever dines with those whom he cannot love and cherish. The best of Christians would not dine with his oldest creditor. Thus there is an entire absence from the dinner table of that social hypocrisy which mars so many of our other relations. Nor is this all. The dinner-table is the test of good breeding. "Persons new to society," says our guide, "may master the simpler forms of dropping cards, paying visits, mixing in evening parties, and so on; but dining is the great trial. The rules to be observed at table are so numerous and so minute in respect of detail that they require the most careful study; and the worst of it is that none of them can be violated without exposing the offender to instant detection, and for this reason, that those accustomed to good society cannot err in particulars in which others are pretty certain to commit themselves. For example, a gentleman *could* not by any chance pour sherry into a claret glass, or drink anybody's health, or put his knife in his mouth; nor *could* a lady ask twice for soup, or bite a piece off her bread." Perhaps to those who have never felt tempted to commit any of these enormities, the test may seem slight. But as we plunge more deeply into Messrs. Warne's pages, we find that severer trials are in store both for diners and givers of dinners. The chief points to be observed by the latter are that cordiality should mark the reception of every guest, that the host should promote genial, pleasant feeling, and that grace should be short and very simple. "The rule on this point is imperative." No doubt the pattern grace is that ascribed to a country squire, who, finding all his guests waiting, looked hastily round the table, and remarked, "Grace, grace, no parson here, thank God!" The grace of the fast clergyman at Greenwich was longer, and, as they say in pleading, argumentative. "For what we are going to receive (it will cost us two guineas each without including the waiter), may we be thankful." But even when the theology of the dinner table is settled, there are other things to be considered. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and the host is enjoined to see that if female servants wait and do not wear gloves, their hands and nails should be perfectly clean. He must also have his dining-room carpeted, "if only that the servants may move about it without noise." Here his more important duties end. Those of the guests are far more numerous and more difficult, but their number and difficulty give success the greater lustre. The first thing to be done by a guest is to answer the invitation to dinner; and to borrow another rule of pleading, the answer must agree with the invitation, as the breach agrees with the recital. Our guide gives us forms and precedents, and tells us that if we find it necessary to decline an invitation, we must plead a prior engagement. But he adds, considerably, "if any other reason *besides* that of a prior engagement prevents the invitation being accepted, it should be stated." And accordingly the Frenchman who excused himself from appearing at a party on the ground that he was frying fish, was not out of order. Still, we do not quite understand whether the use of the word "besides" (in which, as Lamb says, there is often great virtue), makes it imperative on us to assign a prior engagement as well as our other reason. Writers who lay down the law should be explicit. There is similar vagueness in other parts of the book, as when we are told that "at an ordinary dinner, say a dinner at a country house, the demi-toilette is sufficient." We can hardly think it would be sufficient at some of the country houses known to the *Morning Post*, or even at some which do not aspire to the immortality of the Fashionable Intelligence. Again, we are told that if we carve a dish, we ought to be cool, and we are referred to an accomplished gentleman who sent a goose into the lap of the lady next him, and then said calmly, "Madam, I will thank you for that goose." But then, in another place, we are told that a lady must studiously refrain from offering to hand anything to others, as that is a signal proof of ill-breeding. It is plain, therefore, that the accomplished gentleman's appeal must have been unanswered, and that his presence of mind must have led him into forgetfulness of the most sacred etiquette. Let us hope that he was not exposed to that instant detection of which our guide has warned us, and expelled ignominiously.

It is well that the grand rules of behaviour laid down in our manual are stated so boldly and straightforwardly as to exclude all chance of similar errors. No one can blunder on the first principles of conduct or affect to doubt where the language is so clear. "The great point," we read, "is to be calm, composed, and at your ease. Have confidence in your entertainer. He is sure to see that you dine. Wait patiently for each course. Do not seize eagerly on the plates handed to you, nor proceed to devour them voraciously. Do not permit yourself to shout or gesticulate to the attendants, or to make comments

on what is handed to you." Of course, these maxims will be committed to memory by all who wish to be saved in society. Faith is as essential at dinners as in life, and has probably some subtle connection with the short grace of which we have spoken. A long grace would imply that the host had not provided enough, and was spinning out his devotions in order to enlist some higher power in the service of his table. But a short grace shows that the host has done his part, and is fearless of consequences. The idea, too, of a gentleman gesticulating to the butler, or questioning the footman as to the composition of a French sauce, would be absurd. Theodore Hook bowed to the *épergne* and took wine with the flowers, but who would say "I look towards you" when the butler challenges him to sweet or dry? Nothing again could be more reprehensible than seizing eagerly on plates, except perhaps devouring the plates bodily, which would need the stomach of an ostrich, as well as the manners of a savage. You are to eat with deliberation, not waiting till others have begun, but not finishing before they have been helped. You are to drink wine with appreciation and enjoyment, having confidence in your host and his cellar. If you wish to decline any dish, and you are especially cautioned against taking dishes unknown to you, "lest you should not like them, and be obliged to express your distaste either by your face or in some more offensive manner," you are not to do it imperiously. You are to say quietly, "No, thank you," and—to your great relief—"the servant will pass on." Of course, if he chose to wait till you had helped yourself, and forced you to take dishes you did not like, there would be no help for it. But your faith in the entertainer guards you against being the prey of his servants, and discretion bids our guide draw a veil over the more offensive manner which follows upon unknown dishes. You are to eat with your mouth shut, though we presume it may be opened to admit the food. "When a spoon is raised to the mouth, see that it is not so full as to require an effort to swallow its contents," though we are unable to see how the overfulness of the mouth is aggravated by raising a spoon to it. Never drink with the mouth full; it may lead to choking, which is unpardonable, and might be unpleasant. In the same way, when you take a cup of tea after dinner, do not pour the cup into the saucer.

Having thus satisfied the inner man in a way consonant to etiquette, you may devote yourself to the intellectual pleasures of society. You are to respond to the host's attempts at promoting genial and pleasant feelings, but you are on no account to attempt to shine. A toast or sentiment, of which Messrs. Routledge have sent us a collection, is permissible. If you wish to be amatory, you may give "love without licentiousness, and pleasure without excess," which is a gracefully turned phrase, and fit for the highest society. Or if you want to combine the bacchanalian with the patriotic, you may wish "a hearty supper, a good bottle, and a soft bed to every man who fights the battles of his country." By such sayings you "contribute to conversation, without absorbing it," and "help to promote geniality, good humour, and genuine enjoyment." Of this last we have not the slightest doubt. To sum up the whole course of etiquette in one moral, you have only to qualify thus for high society in order to be sure of always meeting with Russian dinners and Siberian receptions.

MODERN ARCADIA.

THERE needs no Sir Philip Sidney to write us a new "Arcadia;" he would be laughed out of court, though he were a "warbler of poetic prose," like that gallant knight and accomplished gentleman. Even the present state of the real and veritable Arcadia was pronounced by Lord Byron to be such, that "it has little to recommend it beyond the name;" and, for the figurative Arcadia, we can claim no higher rank: in territory, if not in respectability, it is somewhat on a par with the literary land of Bohemia. It may be believed in by the studio painters who inhabit the latter region, and who, in the boldness of their ignorance, depict the gleaners and reapers of modern Arcady as young ladies with mulberry-and-cream complexions, free from freckle and tan, who, with bare legs and feet, miraculously pace uninjured over the sharpest sword-like stubble; and gentle poetesses may still spin the thin web of their fragile fancies as to the glory and beauty of those modern Arcadian abodes "the cottage homes of England," which, like that of poor Will Fern's, "look well in pictures, where there isn't weather." But the pretences of poetic pen and pencil are of little use in persuading us that an Arcadia still remains to us. We know better; for we have passed by the age of "the Georgics," and have arrived at the Victorian era of the steam-plough. If Strephon and Chloe, Corydon and Phillis, ever had

an existence—which we greatly question—they must have died long ago; the union of Lubin and Daphne probably terminated in the union workhouse; and Sir Philip Sidney's gentle shepherd, "piping as though he should never be old," doubtless emigrated from his native Arcadia in his youth, and coming to England, "the home of the brave and the free," grew up to be that surly tendor of sheep represented in Hood's sketch, who, when the poetic gentleman civilly asks him, "I pray you play me upon this pipe," replies, "You," and not the pipe, "be blow'd!" It might be all very well for the swains who inhabited the Arcadia of "the purling streams and placid groves" to celebrate their rural loves in alternate strophe and antistrophe, for they lived in classical times; but nowadays they would wrangle on that delicate subject in a pot-house brawl, would swear freely, crack each others skulls, and be lucky if they were not put in the lock-up and taken before a magistrate. The Strephons and Daphnis of Pope's "Pastoral," who were supposed to sing their Sylvia's charms on "Windsor's blissful plains," have passed away with the other artificialities of the age, whose fashionable poetry Pope himself counterfeited in that "Song by a Person of Quality," wherein he talks of "Mild Arcadians ever blooming." And Pope's "two swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse," were, in their turn, admirably satirized by Hood, in a pastoral, wherein Huggins says:—

"When Peggy's dog her arms imprison,
I often wish my lot was his'n;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hers!"

to which Huggins replies—

"I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,
To stand about and stare at she;
But, when I look, she turns and shies,
And won't bear none but their sheep's eyes!"

This is not only admirable fooling, but is also a shade truer to nature than the majority of those representations of modern Arcadia with which we are favoured by imaginative writers and artists.

The Arcadians of the Watteau period undoubtedly made very pretty figures on canvas, on china, and on the stage, and they were as true to reality as the theatrical and operatic peasant, in his jaunty hat, tights, fancy waistcoat, dancing-pumps, and white shirt tied up with satin ribbons, who is matched by, if not to, a young woman, who is half rustic, half pet of the ballet, and wholly Arcadian. Certainly, when we come to the consideration of costume, we must confess that modern Arcadia has sadly degenerated in the picturesqueness of its natives; and even the old Saxon dress of the smock-frock only lingers in a few localities. We remember that *Punch*, many years ago, suggested the establishment of what we may term an Arcadian Agency Office, for the purpose of supplying picturesque peasants to rural *fêtes*, comings of age, receptions by lords of the manor, squire's birthdays, &c., who, by their dances and groupings should enliven the normal dullness of those festive occasions. And, such a scheme, if judiciously carried out, would be exceedingly useful; for, your modern Arcadian is apt to be too much of a chaw-bacon, and to stare open-mouthed and speechless, and to get himself obtrusively into the wrong place, and to look frightfully natural, and terribly unpicturesque. The entertainment, recorded in the *Chimes*, that was given by Sir Joseph Bowley, at Bowley Hall, was conducted according to due form and after the approved fashion required of a territorial grandee in modern Arcadia, but it lacked that dance and revel of happy peasantry and contented cottagers that could have been supplied at so much per head by the Agency Office to which we have alluded; and the propriety of Sir Joseph's entertainment was sadly interfered with by the inopportune appearance of the ragged Will Fern. It was in vain that Lady Bowley had taught him to love his occupations, to bless the squire and his relations, to live upon his daily rations, and always to know his proper station; for poor Will Fern lived in no Arcadia of fancy, but in the Arcady of sternest facts, where he begged hard, but begged in vain, for better food and a better home, in which he could grow up a man and not a brute. *O fortunatus nimium, sua si bona norint, Agricolas*—is a Virgilian saying greatly quoted by members of the Legislature who might do much—and many of whom, we rejoice to say, are doing much—to confer on the modern Arcadian those advantages of which he stands so sorely in need, and of which, too often, he is totally destitute. If a bold peasantry be its country's pride, we would seem to have been striving, as far as possible, to subdue that pride, by housing the farm-labourer worse than our horses, and feeding him less than our oxen. And, although much has been done, and much is still doing, in this matter,

thanks to the better feeling that is abroad, and to that healthy ventilation of the subject which the powerful winnowing-fan of the press has set and keeps in motion, yet much remains to be done before the present generation can have obliterated the shortcomings of the past. The old picture of the wondering shepherds at the tomb on which was the inscription "Et in Arcadiâ ego," signified that death could come even there; and many a landlord in modern Arcadia might write those words over the doors of his labourers' cottages in which he has permitted the assemblage of death's grim friends, foul air, bad drainage, and insufficient accommodation. They would be words as terribly suggestive as the *Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate* of Dante; for, when the wretched people enter such miserable homes, they must abandon all hope of living either healthily or decently. When landlords can realize the fact that it will pay them to bestow on their farm-servants an equal share of attention with the rest of their live stock, then we may expect to see an Arcadia on which we may gaze with contentment and satisfaction; but, at present, such a prospect seems to be far distant, and relegated to the misty regions of Utopia.

Lord Shaftesbury, who has devoted so much of his useful life to this among other kindred subjects, not long since publicly confessed that four-and-twenty years' experience of this matter had led him to no practical conclusions on a large scale, though he was satisfied that the bad housing of the poor was "the master evil" of the country, and the cause of nineteen-twentieths of its corruptions and abominations. About the same time, too, Lord Carnarvon spoke in very plain and forcible terms on the state of modern Arcadia, telling the members of the Agricultural Association who listened to his words that their labourers' cottages were just as much an integral part of their farms as their cart-sheds, their threshing-machines, and their teams of horses; and that the better their men were paid and housed, the more satisfactory would it be for all parties. It is somewhat singular that these important utterances of the two noble lords should have been contemporaneous with the issue of the last Reports of the Prison Inspectors, as the housing and feeding of poor Hodge and Will Fern, in their hard-working, honest state, are thus brought into forcible comparison with their condition when they are taken away from their Arcadian abodes and clapped into the county-gaol, there to be fed, lodged, and clothed at the public expense. From these reports it appears that, in certain gaols, in the winter season, Hodge would be allowed to lie in bed fifteen hours out of the twenty-four, in order to save the expense of gas. At Dartmoor, if it rained, he would be taken under cover, lest his delicate organization might be injured by the winds of heaven visiting him too roughly. Nowhere would he be over-fatigued by hard work; for even when condemned to "hard labour," he would find it to be so easy that "it is regarded very much by the prisoners in the light of an amusement." Everywhere would he be well fed with the best meat, skilfully cooked, and with a dietary far more appetising and regular than he could expect to receive so long as he led a hard-working, honest life.

If, in short, modern Arcadia be much longer permitted to exhibit its present shameful condition of a people badly fed, worse paid, and worst housed, then we should not be greatly surprised, if, when a garotter was brought up to receive his sentence, the judge, instead of condemning him to the terrible punishment of the Home-office cat—whose effect on the two culprits at Leeds has been so forcibly described in the newspapers—should vary, if not increase the severity of his sentence by some such words as these: "William Sykes, you have been found guilty of garotting with violence. As this is not your first offence, it becomes my duty to pass upon you the severest sentence which it is in my power to inflict. You are to be taken from your snug cell, in which you have been surrounded by comforts, and you will be delivered over to Farmer Griper, who will place you in one of his cottages, supply you with the ordinary—very ordinary—fare, and will employ you on the usual agricultural work at the usual agricultural pay; and, may the Board of Guardians have mercy upon you when you apply to them for relief." Without pledging ourselves to an assertion that Mr. Justice Lush, or any other occupant of the Bench who has given good proof that he knows how to deal with garotters, would actually sentence a prisoner after the terms of this formula, we venture to think that if he did so, the reporter of the trial would have to append the statement, that "the prisoner, who seemed utterly aghast at the unexpected severity of his sentence, was led from the dock, vainly beseeching the worthy judge to give him 'the stone jug,' 'the mill,' the hulks, or anything but that." And, in any case, we fancy that between the judge and the garotter, there would be great unanimity of opinion as to the state of modern Arcadia.

DISAGREEABLE WOMEN.

JUST as the courtier was bound to believe that the Queen of Spain had no legs, legs not being considered dignified for a sovereign, there are people of an old school who insist that women have no imperfections to speak about. Perhaps too much capital has been made out of the ladies in the shape of fun; and it is on this account we find a champion coming forward to take their parts. A favourite retort with a defender of the sex is, to ask you if you ever had a mother or sisters. As he is pretty certain to receive an affirmative reply to the first portion of his question, he is immediately accredited with a triumph by the very fact; indeed, by an almost universal consent, this little point is admitted everywhere as irrefutable, and as one calculated to completely overwhelm any poor gentleman who is supposed to sit in the chair of the scorner. It would, however, be inconvenient to consider all women as our mothers, and although it might conduce to our respect for them on the whole, a good many might not be over proud of their offspring, or gratified at the sort of affection they had inspired. Seriously speaking, it is a fallacy, and a most absurd fallacy, to put the subject of opinion upon women in this light. Supposing we find out a friend of ours to be a fool or a rogue, surely the fact of our having a father, and of his having another, will not stop our mouths? And yet, for argumentative purposes the paternal is just of as much value as the maternal shield. It is a mistaken kindness to proclaim all women beautiful and virtuous, and a young gentleman starting in life with such a faith would soon find of what clay his idols were made. We are not now going over the old cynical ground, well nigh worn out by this time, but we propose to glance at what appears to us to be an almost unknown district. What part in the world has the disagreeable woman to play? Is it to punish some masculine sinner by acquiring him in marriage? Is it to set off her fairer and worthier sisters? Is it to be a talking and a standing protest against the angelic theory of womanhood? The disagreeable woman haunts every sphere of society. She is not necessarily ugly. Up to a certain period she may not exhibit the traits of her disposition. She may resemble the tigerkin whose claws are not grown and whose habits are attractive and playful. But her nature soon breaks out. If she marries, the victim soon gets a foretaste of his misery. If the husband is well off, the disagreeable woman can utterly destroy his domestic comforts. She studies how to do it, and brings a born capacity to the task. She dislikes what he likes. She won't visit the friends he wishes her to visit, or if she does she manages to insult them. She is never ready to go out when he wants her, but she is off with a cheerful readiness when he would prefer her to remain at home. She dismisses his favourite servants, and will almost bully any well-favoured parlour-maid to whom he says "Good morning." She throws her pa or her ma in his face if she claims to be of better family. If he ventures on selecting a dress or a shawl for her she never wears it. For all this the sort of woman of which we are writing may not have a single reason which she could put into words. The more comfortable she is made, the worse she becomes. It is simply her mission to be disagreeable, and disagreeable she will be until perhaps her spouse has the melancholy satisfaction of following her mortal remains to the grave. But in nine cases out of ten the disagreeable woman manages to disappoint him in this respect and enjoys the mournful pleasure of erecting a tablet sacred to his memory. In that walk of life where a carriage is not kept the disagreeable woman is indeed a scourge. If her husband is a gentleman and suffers her to follow her wicked bent, his days and his nights are a burden to him. She talks asides at him in the presence of company. At breakfast she seldom appears, for your truly disagreeable woman is addicted to lying in bed. If he is poor she is extravagant and yet always deploring the want of money. She is generally impeccable, after the rigid fashion of a proper British wife and a mother, and—if we may be pardoned for saying so—this makes her worse. On the strength of her fidelity she piles mountains of aggravation. She is so satisfied with the possession of one virtue that she can never see the necessity for practising another. As a rule, she grows thin as she grows old. The aristocratic species often degenerates into angularity and spectacles. Those who have been taken down to dinner by a disagreeable woman (for to talk of taking her down would be a very insufficient description of the procedure), and who have been compelled to sit next her, and to hear her talk, will not easily forget the sufferings they have endured. But those who have had her for supper, and we all have had one time or another, will remember the occasion with something akin to horror. The disagreeable woman always goes in for supper, and eats, as a rule, more than is good for her, being reckless in

the way of mixtures. Stout ladies of this complexion become plenty of pheasant, tongue, jelly, lobster salad, almonds, and pâtés, but the spare personages do not. The disagreeable woman if she dances puts you wrong, but plainly indicates that the fault was altogether on your side. She misses the step in a waltz, and rocks against you, and then stops abruptly and sails over to an ottoman with an indignant and mortified air; or if she is able to keep up she will insist on wheeling with you round and round long after you have left your senses on an unknown part of the wall, and seem to yourself to be looking for them in a reeling and uncertain manner. She can oppress you with silence, a "tingling silence," or set you wild with chat. If she is well acquainted with you, she innocently asks the most embarrassing questions. If you have been jilted by a girl she entertains you with an account of the approaching nuptials with your successful rival. The disagreeable woman is never happier than when rendering others unhappy, especially those who are among her friends. In the croquet season she is sure to spoil sport, and what she does on the green lawn she will do years afterwards, perhaps, on the dry arid desert into which she has converted some unfortunate man's home. For old maids are not often of this class. Old maids often keep warm corners in their hearts, and nooks in their affections, for other things than the zoological properties attributed to them by funny writers. The disagreeable woman nearly always secures a husband, and how she carps and snaps at him we must leave our readers to find in satirical novels, or perhaps to observe for themselves.

There is a clever poem we remember to have read which concludes by putting into a couplet one of those strange mediæval fancies which arose out of the researches and quibblings of theologians. It suggested that the devil was, if we only knew it, intended for good, and was for all we could tell the unwitting and unconscious agent of it. Disagreeable women may be helping him. They may have come for contrast. This is the kindest construction we can place upon their acts. If a leal virtuous wife is a crown of glory to her husband, what sort of crown is the wife who has, if not a depraved, a peevish sense, which she cultivates until she can use it with the skill of a vivisection operator. And it is a strange fact that when women taste the delight of worrying a man they never forget it, and it acts on them as the taste of sheep blood on the colly who has once fleshed his fangs in live mutton. Kindness will not cure them, and reason will never convert them. We are not alluding to flirts, their game is harmless enough. The disagreeable woman never flirts. To flirt she should deny herself for a while, at least, the delight of being unpleasant, and such a sacrifice she is never prepared to make. In the bosom of her family, as it is called, she is a sore thorn; when she leaves the parent nest she is not improved. Age will not wither nor custom abate the infinite varieties of her ill humours, and by the scandal that drops from her tongue and the misery she inflicts upon all within the circle of her influence, she renders it in the end "a mediæval" question as to whether she was not sent into the world for a plague and a visitation.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

BAVARIA is determined not to be "left out in the cold" of disorganized, or unorganized, Southern Germany. The South German Confederation which was contemplated after the conclusion of peace in August, as a counterpoise to the Confederation of the North under the lead of Prussia, has already passed away into the limbo of abortions, and Bavaria feels herself isolated at the very time when she is most in need of support. As a second-class Power, she is unable to exist without an alliance with some State of greater magnitude, larger military resources, and higher position in the European system. She cannot enter the North German Confederation, because, by the treaty of Prague of last summer, Prussia was obliged, by the interposition of France, to draw the southern limit of that Confederation at the line of the Maine, beyond which Bavaria lies. On the other hand, she will not place herself under the leadership of Austria, which is so little of a German Power that the German element in its population is a small minority of the whole, and it is obliged more and more every day to lean on the Magyar, the Czech, and the Slave, for support, and indeed for very existence. The situation of Bavaria is thus rendered one of great difficulty; and Prince von Hohenlohe, the Prime Minister of that country, in addressing the Chamber of Deputies on the 19th inst., very clearly pointed out the embarrassments resulting from the new order of things, and with much frankness explained the course he pro-

poses to adopt. "This Government," he said, "will form no South-western Confederation under the protectorate of a non-German Power" (this is in allusion to a proposal made by France at the time of the peace). "Such an alliance in the second half of the nineteenth century is simply an impossibility. In the same way, Bavaria is not in a position to conclude an alliance with the South German States under the leadership of Austria." What, then, remains? Nothing, but to form as close a connection with Prussia as circumstances will permit, without entering the North-German Confederation, which, as we have seen, is precluded by the treaty of Prague, and to which, constituted as the Confederation now is, with an evident disregard of the Southern States, the Prince expresses himself personally disinclined. Bavaria wishes well to Austria as the "east-frontier Power;" but it is to Prussia that she looks for active co-operation. "This alliance," said Prince Hohenlohe, "will render it necessary that, in case of a foreign war, Bavaria should place her army under the command of Prussia, under a fixed guarantee for the sovereignty of the King, and also that our army be organized in such a manner as may facilitate such military co-operation. . . . The Government is resolved to bring about this arrangement with Prussia, and consequently to promote union between the North and South of Germany, and at the same time to preserve our own independence, as far as possible, from the danger of annexation, from whatever quarter it may come." It is evident that the lesser German States, even of the South, must gravitate towards Prussia, or rather towards that united German Empire which Prussia is creating.

THE Turkish Government, it would seem, is not able to sustain the account of the conduct of its cruisers towards the Italian mail-packet *Principe Tommaso*, in Cretan waters, to which we alluded last week, and which it put forward on the strength of the statements made by the captain of the *Talia*. For it is now asserted at Florence that "the Porte agrees to afford to the Italian flag the satisfaction demanded by the Italian Government, and admits the bases named by the latter for determining the indemnity to be paid by Turkey to the owners of the *Principe Tommaso*. The exact amount of the indemnity is to be fixed by arbitration." Another piece of news in connection with the Porte and Crete is very singular, and not easily to be understood. A telegram from Constantinople, dated January 22, says:—"The *Talia* and *Féizi Bari*, of the Turkish navy, have just taken to the Piræus 440 Greek volunteers, who were received on board at Sphakia by order of the Imperial Commissioner, and who will be followed by other volunteers reduced to the necessity of quitting Candia." That the Turkish Government should assist in taking back to their own country the guerillas who have invaded a portion of its dominions, is certainly an extraordinary stretch of generosity.

BAD as the snow was in England, in the frost which seems now to have happily departed, it was worse abroad, where, as we read in the Continental press, roads have been rendered utterly impassable, towns blocked up, roofs pressed in, the city and the country divorced for days, trains completely stopped, and birds driven into the very houses for want of food. The *Opinion Nationale* tells an odd story of a train (not a passenger train) in the Luxembourg Railway, which was arrested between Libramont and Poix, and, while in that disagreeable position, was attacked by wolves. "There were five of them sitting in a semi-circle watching," says the narrative. "The situation was critical"—we should think so. "Excepting the fire-irons and the shovels, the besieged had no arms, and could expect no help for three hours at least." The brutes, it is true, had been attracted by the smell of some sheep and oxen in the open carriages; but it was possible that they might like to vary their feast with a human relish. One official, indeed, lost the tail of his coat; but all got safely into the brake-van, and there stood a regular siege for more than two hours, until succour arrived. Strange to say, "neither the oxen or sheep were hurt, though the trucks bore traces which showed the fierceness of the attack." The account given by our French contemporary is a little coloured and dressed up in its style; but there is no reason for doubting the main truth of the story.

THE Revolutionary Junta of Madrid have issued a proclamation to their fellow citizens, which is a direct appeal to the nation to depose the Bourbons. Whether it will be answered may be doubtful; but it is certain that the Government is

uneasy, and that an outbreak at the capital is apprehended. Workmen have assembled on the Place Major, demanding bread; and a modification of the Ministry is talked of, though only in a still more reactionary direction—Narvaez being apparently determined to surround himself by the very dregs of despotism.

FULLY bent on carrying out to the utmost its policy towards the Chief of the State, the American House of Representatives has taken a step which it has long threatened, and which may lead to very important results. Mr. Ashley, of Ohio, presented to the House, previous to the Christmas recess, a motion for inquiry into the conduct of the President, with a view to ascertaining whether there are sufficient grounds for an impeachment. This was carried by the very large majority of 107 to 38 votes, and the question has been referred for examination to the Judiciary Committee. Until the report of that body has been given in, we cannot form any anticipation as to the course which is likely to be pursued. The House can as yet take no further measures, and, although a statement has been made in recent telegrams that it has been resolved to abandon the impeachment, we may be pretty certain that the matter is still in abeyance. Should the Judiciary Committee report that an impeachment is allowable, and should Congress then determine on bringing Mr. Johnson to trial, a period of great gravity will have been entered upon. No President of the United States has ever yet been impeached, and the only circumstance at all approaching the present, was the trial of Aaron Burr, Vice-President in the early days of the Republic. Party feeling will unquestionably run very high on an issue so momentous. Some are already anticipating a convulsion second only to the civil war recently ended.

THE excessive immorality of New York is attracting the attention of the American Legislature, and the statistics of crime show a fearful increase of prostitution and its attendant evils. The *Round Table* (a journal which is making the most praiseworthy efforts to elevate the tone of literary criticism, and of independent and healthy writing throughout the States), contains an interesting article directed to this subject, and our current *Quarterly Review* devotes a paper to extracting a moral out of the facts, which it sums up by a warning against "making organic changes." Crime in New York is not the result of democracy, but exists in spite of it, and from exceptional and abnormal conditions brought about in a great measure by the war. This Conservative habit of regarding every calamity as a judgment for Liberalism, is about as reasonable as the notion of some Irish Protestants that the potato blight was the immediate result of Popery.

THE accidents which this year has brought us present a terribly scenic character. In the Regent's Park a multitude saw scores of persons, some of them friends and relations, dying before their eyes without being able to give them the slightest aid. Calais has lately witnessed an accident nearly similar, and one which divides the mind between horror at the nature of the catastrophe and admiration for the bravery it called forth. At about five o'clock in the evening, whilst a furious gale was blowing, a French ship was seen to run ashore about 200 yards from one of the piers, her crew lashing themselves to the rigging, and uttering cries for help that were plainly heard upon the pier. The crews of the English steamships *Triton* and *Pioneer* started for the port lifeboat, dragged her for some distance through the snow to the water, and proceeded to man her. This the French authorities of the port refused to permit, and, after some delay, six Frenchmen put off in the boat and made for the wreck. They, however, abandoned the attempt after they had got half way from the shore. The English sailors upon this rushed to where another lifeboat was locked up, tore down the railings surrounding it, took forcible possession of the boat, launched it, and made for the wreck loudly cheered by the people collected upon the pier. The boat rode well as she shot towards the wreck, but just as she was preparing to bring up to the vessel, a heavy sea struck her, turning her bottom upwards and throwing the brave crew of thirteen into the sea. A terrible scene then presented itself, a few of the men were to be seen clinging to the boat, others trying to float upon their oars, and some attempting to swim to the shore. In the midst of the excitement, another party of the English sailors seized the lifeboat which the Frenchmen had abandoned, pushed off to the rescue of their comrades, and succeeded in saving six of

them. Two others gained the shore by means of ropes thrown them from the pier, but the remaining five perished. The poor fellows, who were all this time clinging to the wreck, witnesses of the heroic attempt made to rescue them, were seen to drop off one by one into the sea until but one remained, and he was rescued by the first lifeboat, which left the shore a third time and succeeded in gaining the ship. It is said that most of the English sailors who were lost in the second lifeboat have left wives and families. We hope that what public gratitude can do to soften the bitterness of their calamity will not be left undone.

THE Court of Queen's Bench delivered two judgments on Wednesday last which are calculated to create no slight consternation among persons and corporations who claim ancient privileges and abuse them. In one case the Rector of Horton, in Buckinghamshire, brought an action to recover a marriage fee of 13s. 6d., which he claimed as due by immemorial custom, that sum having been paid in the parish since 1808. In the other, the corporation of Cheltenham sought to establish a claim to a toll of one shilling for every cartload of vegetables brought into Cheltenham market, which they also alleged was due by immemorial custom. A custom to be legal and enforceable, requires, among other things, that it should be reasonable, and have existed beyond human memory—a period which the law of this country carries back to the reign of Richard I. And as the custom must have been invariable, it became necessary to show that 13s. 6d. was a reasonable marriage fee, and 1s. a reasonable toll in that remote time. Now, when we remember that in those days the price of a bull, a cow, or a plough-horse was 4s.; of a sheep with fine wool, 10d.; of a sheep with coarse wool, 6d.; of a sow, 1s.; and of a boar, 1s., it is too much to suppose that a farm labourer of the period should expend the price of three cows and a pig in getting married; or that the owner of a donkey-cart of vegetables should have to pay away as much as would procure him a sow before he was allowed to enter Cheltenham market. We are, therefore, not surprised to find that the court has decided that neither the marriage fee nor the Cheltenham toll can be enforced. If, as has been stated, the tolls which the City of London levies upon corn, coal, and oysters—or some of them—rest merely upon similar customs, it appears to be doubtful indeed whether the corporation will be able to maintain these duties. City expenditure, however, has never excited such admiration as to make people wish that the corporation had more money to spend. If it be necessary that the oyster and other City duties should be continued, it will be quite as well to have them levied under the sanction of an Act of Parliament pointing out how the money is to be applied, as by virtue of customs which permit an effete body to consult merely their own caprices.

SOME rumours seem to have been unintentionally spread that the Government would postpone the question of Reform, and several feelers to this effect, in the shape of semi-official leaders, have been cropping up in papers of a Conservative complexion. We have no doubt the Tories would like to shirk the difficulty, if possible, but we are much mistaken if the country or the Liberal party will permit them to do so. The object and intention of Reform is to settle the inefficient basis of Government, which has confessedly failed to satisfy our national requirements. The foundation has shifted, and no patching can secure the edifice. The friends of Reform will not be cajoled or diverted from their object. We suspect, however, that Mr. Disraeli will attempt to ride off on his "lateral" hobby. The class for whom we want the franchise will not take a shadow for the substance; and even if the business of the nation must be postponed until this question is settled, that state of things would be preferable to a mere addition to those legislative failures which have made the extension of the suffrage a necessity.

IN a letter to the Chairman of the inaugural banquet of the Huddersfield Working Men's Conservative Association, Lord Stanley has this week declared his desire—which is also that of "everybody, as far as I know"—that "the best of the working class should be admitted to the franchise." This, however, is qualified by the platitude that "it is the interest of these [the best of the working classes] quite as much as that of capitalists or landowners that the right of voting should not be rendered practically valueless in their hands by being extended to others who, from (perhaps) inevitable ignorance, are unfitted for so grave and responsible a trust." This language is not hopeful.

The following delightful specimen of criticism is from the *Times*:—

"Novel writing seems to be peculiar in this—that if a man once gets the knack of it he may go on writing for ever; there is no stopping him, and the more he writes the better we like him."

After this who will deny the leading organ the possession of a reviewer of the most catholic liberality and taste? How this gentleman must spend his days and nights over the study of G. P. R. James, who, according to his canon, should have been the first novelist in England. He has imbibed, as a truth, the joke that a voluminous author must be luminous, and that the more books a writer can stand upon (like Cornelius a Lapide) the higher we must count his literary ability. It is after all an easy, if not a very refined, mode of passing judgment, and is as clever in its way as the decision of the Dutch burgomaster of Washington Irving, who, when two litigants came before him, balanced their respective accounts in a pair of scales, and gave a verdict in favour of the fellow whose bill was weightiest. Perhaps the *Times*' critic has a pair of scales in the office; if so, we should recommend the publishers to send all the works and all the editions of all the works they wish to have reviewed, and claim an opinion *avoir-dupois* from the result.

A CURIOUS trait of English character might be noticed this week in Regent's Park. A tree which was torn down by the frantic audience who witnessed the dismal tragedy on the lake has been removed piece-meal for reliquary purposes,—bits of it being vended and rapidly purchased on the spot. On Sunday, the street preachers made the occasion the text of some very odd discourses, and denounced their listeners in a fashion not quite in accord with the views of Mr. Maurice on future punishment. Religious banners were borne by one set of men who sang hymns, in which the words were wedded to incongruous music, Dr. Watts being, in a verse, within our hearing, allied to "Susannah" of a Christy Minstrel persuasion. However, the earnest faces of the singers, and their orderly march and demeanour, relieved their performance from a predominance of the grotesque element, and indicated how a signal calamity can bring out the remnant of that old Puritan fervour and piety which still lingers among the middle and artisan classes of the country.

THE police reports of the week record the wrongs and sufferings of Mrs. Celia Brown, who, having seen in the advertisement of a Mr. Eskell, a dentist, that he charged 2s. 6d. for putting in a new tooth, went to him to ascertain what his charge would be for putting in three or four. Whether there was a strong professional afflatus upon him at the time, or whether he felt that he could not give a conscientious answer without looking at Mrs. Brown's mouth, does not appear, but he told her to sit down, and in spite of her remonstrances and protestations that she only wanted to know his charge, pulled out a front tooth, which she exhibited to the magistrate in self-evident proof that it was good and sound. The magistrate strongly condemned his conduct, and said that unless he came to an arrangement with the complainant, he would fine him 20s. Mr. Eskell prudently took the hint. It is worthy of remark, that in the course of the altercation which followed the extraction of the tooth, he told Mrs. Brown, so at least she says, that his half-crown teeth would not last, and were only fit for old people who had not long to live. In his advertisement to the public we see that they are warranted "to last a life-time."

TEN years ago, Lord Ernest Vane Tempest, having been obliged to leave the Queen's Own 4th Light Dragoon Guards, in which regiment he was a cornet, showed his good breeding by spitting in the face of a cornet in the same regiment named Ameer, and calling him a coward and a d—d blackguard. Proceedings were taken against him; but, anxious to avoid his creditors, he decamped to America, where, with the exception of a visit to Paris in 1858, he has remained ever since. Recently he returned to London and surrendered himself, and on Thursday Mr. Justice Blackburn sentenced him to three months' imprisonment as a first-class misdemeanant. He has had the grace to regret his misconduct, and to apologize; and it is in consideration of that fact, as well as of his youth at the time the offence was committed, and the punishment involved in his long expatriation, that the court passed so light a sentence.

THE author of "Ten Thousand a Year" has resuscitated a suggestion which appeared in the *Builder* seven years ago, for the saving of fuel. It has the merit at least of being simple and inexpensive, for all it requires is to fit the bottom of the fire-grate with a piece of sheet-iron one-sixth of an inch thick, and lay it on the grate before lighting the fire. Mr. Warren has had all his grates fitted in this way for the last seven years, and has found that the heat from the fire is greater, and the saving of coal nearly one-third of the ordinary consumption. The experiment is worth trying, as failure can only involve the loss of two or three shillings. And indeed, it stands to reason, that in the present construction of our grates, there being a draught from below and from above, the consumption of coal must be more rapid than is necessary, while heat that ought to be distributed over the room is carried up the chimney.

Most of the missing persons who, only because they were missing, were supposed to have perished in the Regent's Park catastrophe, have returned to their friends. One of them, according to his father's statement, absented himself from home because there had been a few words between them. Another having been reported, by the friends with whom he was living as missing, his name and address were published, and by this means his parents who had been seeking him for two years came to the knowledge of where he was. Others were suddenly called away by pressing engagements. But the oddest story of all is that of a gentleman who, though anxious inquiries after him were made at the workhouse, states that he never was away from home at all.

At what risk to their own lives those on shore rendered assistance to the men who were in danger of drowning in the Regent's Park, may be guessed by the appearance of one of them, John O'Donnel, who this week appeared at the Marylebone Police Court, to make a statement of his position. The magistrate asked him what made him shake so much, and he said he had been in his wet clothes an hour and a half, and had felt benumbed ever since. His right side was now completely paralyzed, and he could not keep his arm still. This poor fellow, a bricklayer's labourer, had brought out eight persons alive.

THE Tichborne baronetcy affair seems to be gradually getting out of romance into reality. It is said that Sir Roger Tichborne has met his mother, Lady Doughty Tichborne, and has been recognised by her as her son. This, however, would appear to be by no means the conclusion of the affair, as those who represent the present Sir Henry Tichborne, the minor, are determined to retain the possession of the estates until the claims of the returned baronet have been legally established.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

ALTHOUGH the great event of the year—the declaration of the Mathematical Tripos—is close at hand, the cold has been the general object of attention. There has been magnificent skating on safe ground about ten miles from the town, and the river also has borne well between Cambridge and Ely. It is a curious and pretty sight, the appearance presented by the Fen districts in a hard frost, when anything exciting in the way of a skating match is on hand. Strings of men seem to be careering rapidly over the low fields, winding about with graceful curves as the dykes or drains on which they are skating change the direction of their course. Each large cut provides its contingent of skaters from the farms through which it runs, and as the stranger gets nearer and nearer to Ely he finds the river more and more crowded. The skating matches held on the ice near that small city are very interesting, as some of the best country skaters in the kingdom are collected to compete for the prizes, and there is a good opportunity of comparing the merits and demerits of the different local styles. As mere runners the Fen skaters are not easily beaten.

Every one has heard with regret that the undergraduate whom popular opinion had fixed upon as the certain Senior Wrangler, was thrown out of a carriage some time ago, and was so much bruised that he has since found himself unable to go in for the later and higher portion of the Tripos examination. It will be interesting to see how high in the list his performances in the three days of elementary examination will have placed him. Last term this gentleman's health was in

so unsatisfactory a condition that he was unable to prosecute his studies in Cambridge for a time, so that he has met with continued misfortune in his ambitious course. It is now confidently expected that the great prize thus taken away from a small college will fall into the hands of Trinity—very worthy hands, and well accustomed to grasp such nettles. More interest is felt in the Tripos this year, because, among other reasons, it is said that several private tutors have good pupils coming out, whereas for some time the first twelve or fourteen places, and even more, have been systematically carried off by Mr. Routh's pupils. Whoever may be Senior Wrangler will probably have an uncomfortable feeling that he is held to be standing in another man's shoes, and the great ovation of degree day will thus lose some of its value.

The election of an Esquire Bedell is not to take place. The unexpected resignation of the Bedell who was elected a month or two ago has been withdrawn, and the three candidates who had appeared in the field have now to retire and wait for a more definite vacancy. It appears that the formal resignation was deferred, in order that the election might not take place in vacation time, and it has ended in the two present Bedells retaining their office. It is rather a sign of the times that men rush into candidatureship before the office they desire is actually vacant; but with a body like the electoral roll, to have had the first word is worth a good many votes in case of a contest. The election of a Greek Professor will be watched with great interest, and it is devoutly to be hoped that nothing but the merits of the candidates will decide the question. According to the popular belief respecting old men's powers of perpetrating a job, the young council should be a most conscientious body. It is unfortunate, by the way, that the Greek Professor is in part remunerated by a canonry at Ely, for that old-fashioned sort of arrangement cuts us off from all chance of at any time securing a distinguished layman; and now that fewer very distinguished men take orders, this may come to be a serious practical loss to the University. The spirit of the age is so decidedly against making spiritual offices and their remuneration a reward for contemporaneous secular work, that many of the persons interested would doubtless be glad to shake off the trammels in which the University is now involved in this matter.

Mr. Llewellyn Davies is preaching a course of sermons before the University during this month. Anything that he says on the grave questions which are now agitating society respecting dogmas, and sacraments, and the general struggle between Christianity and philosophical morality, comes from lips that have earned a right to the attention of men. It may, therefore, be well supposed that the sparse members of the Senate, and others who gather together in the middle of January, were glad to find that he had chosen the second Sacrament as his subject, suiting his discussion to the three sermons of which his course consists, by dividing it into three heads, and dealing with the Sacrament as a Eucharist, a Sacrifice, and a Communion. It need not be said that the sacrificial view taken by Mr. Davies does not coincide with the conventional "sacrificial view," but, on the contrary, places the "sacrifice" in the altered hearts and lives of the receivers, not in that which they receive. In the course of a very useful and plain-spoken sermon the preacher gave full credit to the non-Christian philosophers of the present day for the pure morality of their systems, which is, in fact, as pure as the Christian morality itself, for it is nothing but the Christian morality put in slightly different dress. Any one but a "Broad Churchman" would have said that Mr. Davies gave less than full credit to the Christian system, as a whole, when speaking of its great superiority over the colder and less satisfying schemes built up by the Utilitarians and Positivists. Next Sunday the audience will be wonderfully changed, and the empty benches will once more be filled. It is said that many preachers are willing to address the small University congregations of the second and third Sundays of January, for the sake of the grand opportunity of influencing a large and important congregation which the last Sunday of the month affords. The May-term Sundays are among the best of the year for large congregations, and this year Archbishop Trench is appointed to preach on the first three, the last Sunday of the month being reserved for the Ramsden Commemoration Sermon, the appointment of the preacher resting with the Vice-Chancellor. The "Select Sermons' Syndicate," or board, or whatever it is called, has at any rate been very impartial in choosing the University preachers of the year, for Dr. Trench finds himself next to the Bishop of Ripon, and on the same list with the Master of Trinity, Dr. Barry, of Cheltenham, Mr. Bailey, of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, Dr. Vaughan, and Mr. Llewellyn Davies.

The Conservatives of Cambridge have held a grand political

banquet in honour of the Conservative party, and of the Cambridge members in particular. The University was not in residence at the time, and the University members were not present. The county members also did not appear; Lord George Manners, however, promising to read the speeches with great interest, and Lord Royston's father sending abundant venison. The Conservatives have certainly been fortunate in their successive choices of borough members, and it is only to be regretted that Mr. Forsyth's disqualification as Standing Counsel to the Secretary of State for India, should have deprived the borough of his services. Mr. Powell, one of the present members, gives up an immense amount of time to making appearances at meetings of all sorts and sizes in the town; and as his colleague and himself are both of them late Fellows of St. John's, their proceedings naturally attract more attention on the part of the University than the proceedings of ordinary borough members would do. There are, besides, so many staunch old Tories and Conservatives among the resident members of the University, that a sort of quasi-University air is given to the Conservative party here. The Liberals have, it is said, only themselves and their own splits and quarrels to thank for their lengthened retirement from a dominant position in the representation of the town, a statement which seems to be carried out by the great preponderance of Liberals in all places of profit or honour connected with the municipality. Probably the pressure of the imminent general election may afford an opportunity of testing the accuracy of the statement.

FINE ARTS.

MUSIC.

THE performance of Handel's "Judas Maccabeus" by the National Choral Society, on Thursday week, offers few points for comment, and fewer still for praise. The best feature at most of the concerts of this society is usually the chorus, more especially the soprano voices, which are brighter and purer in quality and more steady in intonation than most bodies of professional choristers. Mr. Martin's choral sopranos, however, did not acquit themselves so well in the recent performance of "Judas" as they usually do—especially in the detached passages at the commencement of "Fall'n is the foe," which were unsteady and uncertain in every respect, and the same was also the case with the answering phrases for altos and tenors, the basses being far more exact. Mr. Martin should strengthen the altos of his chorus, which are now disproportionately weak. His orchestra, too, both in numbers and in quality, is greatly below the requirements of an institution that appears to challenge comparison with the Sacred Harmonic Society. We cannot congratulate Mr. Leigh Wilson on having made a single step of progress in the higher qualities of his art since his performances of last season. He gave the declamatory airs, "Call forth thy powers," and "Sound an Alarm," with considerable vocal power and energy; but the power and energy of effort rather than of mastery. He appears to have altogether neglected the study of elocution, without some knowledge of which no singer is justified in attempting the great declamatory songs of Handel.

The Sacred Harmonic Society gave a very fine performance of "Israel in Egypt" on Friday (yesterday) week; when Mr. Sims Reeves confirmed the hope previously formed of his reinstatement in his fullest powers; indeed, it may almost be doubted whether he has ever sung with such intensity and elevation as he is now doing. There are not many vocal solos in "Israel," and some of the subordinate tenor music was assigned to Mr. Montem Smith. Mr. Reeves' principal effort was in the air, "The enemy said,"—the scale passages, triplets, and other executive difficulties in which are such as become impossibilities to singers not thoroughly trained (and few are in the present day) in the preliminary studies of their art. Mr. Reeves' singing of this air was a triumphant exhibition of masterly power, both in declamatory style and mechanical facility, while the significance and emphasis which he threw into the short and (musically) simple recitatives, "For the horse of Pharaoh," and "Miriam the prophetess" was a still greater proof of the capacity of the artist to perceive and to realize a sentiment and an expression which few executants would find in such instances. The reception that Mr. Reeves met with was enthusiastic, and shows that the public are sufficiently aware that there is no other such singer of the tenor solos of Handel's oratorios. Signor Foli appears to be (as we expected) making a position as an oratorio singer. As second bass with Mr. Weiss, in the great duet, "The Lord is a man of war," Signor Foli was worthy of his coadjutor in that effective piece of vocal rivalry. The other solos were sung by Misses Banks, R. Henderson, and Madame Sainton-Dolby. The oratorio was given with the additional accompaniments specially added, some years since, for the Sacred Harmonic Society, by Mr. Costa, the conductor. Much masterly knowledge of orchestral effect is displayed in these additions, although we think Handel's original trumpet parts might have been a little less interfered with, much brightness of effect being lost thereby; as, for instance, in the "Hailstone Chorus," where the trumpets are frequently in unison with the sopranos. No doubt these passages in the original

score are extremely difficult, but surely what was possible in Handel's time should be obtainable now. A little less predominance of the organ, especially of the reed stops, would be very desirable. Mr. Coward is an accomplished organist, as most visitors at the Crystal Palace know; but he should distinguish between the free use of the organ as a solo player, and its more limited office as an accompanying instrument, chiefly intended to support the chorus and not to predominate over the general effect.

Madame Goddard and Mr. Sims Reeves both reappeared at the Popular Concert of Monday last, the singer giving further evidence of his complete re-establishment in health and vocal power by his refined and expressive singing of Beethoven's "Adelaide." Madame Goddard's pianoforte playing displayed all that perfection of mechanism and those alternations of power and delicacy of touch for which she has long been eminent. The quartets, admirably led by Herr Joachim, were Beethoven's "Rasoumowsky in C," and Haydn's in B flat, No. 65; the other instrumental performances being Beethoven's pianoforte solo, "Appassionata" sonata, and duet sonata, with violin, in C minor.

The Crystal Palace concerts are to be resumed this day (Saturday).

THE LONDON THEATRES.

To give Mr. Phelps an opportunity of distinguishing himself in what was called comedy in the days of our grandfathers and domestic drama at a later period, Mr. Chatterton has revived George Colman the Younger's play of "John Bull, or an Englishman's Fireside," which was originally produced at Covent Garden Theatre in March, 1803, with Fawcett, Emery, and Johnstone in the chief characters. The piece is generally considered to be one of young Colman's best, and the smartness of some of the dialogue reconciles us to the transpontine character of the plot. All that our modern burlesques have been ridiculing for years is here revived, with charming contempt for such satire—the lovely damsel in distress, the agonized father, the heartless man about town, the gay seducer, the generous Irishman, the loutish countryman, the shrewish wife, and all the stage puppets that served the dramatic authors in the so-called palmy days of the drama, as well as they have served the scribblers who live in the days of supposed theatrical decadence. Mr. Phelps is a very spasmodic Job Thornberry, and Mrs. Hermann Vezin a rather artificial Mary. The comedy owed much of its success on its first production to the admirable performance of Denis Brulgrudery by Johnstone. The following anecdote is told of Colman's method of producing comedies:—

"We got 'John Bull' from Colman act by act as he wanted money, but the last act did not come, and Harris refused to make any farther advances. At last, necessity drove Colman to make a finish, and he wrote the fifth act in one night on separate pieces of paper. As he filled one piece after the other he threw them on the floor, and, finishing his liquor, went to bed. Harris, who impatiently expected the dénouement of the play according to promise, sent Fawcett to Colman, whom he found in bed. By his direction Fawcett picked up the scraps and brought them to the theatre."

The war between the theatres and the music-halls has again begun, the associated theatrical managers having taken out summonses against the Alhambra and several other similar places of amusement for the illegal performance of stage-plays. The Alhambra case was heard on Tuesday, at Marlborough-street, before the same magistrate who decided in 1865 that a ballet was a stage-play (a decision reversed by the Judges), and the proprietors were convicted for producing one comic scene of a pantomime, without dialogue, plot, or introduction. They have appealed against the decision to the Quarter Sessions, to be held next April, and the prosecution will only again draw the attention of Parliament to the absurdity and injustice of the existing law, and hurry on the Government Bill repealing the 6th & 7th Vic., cap. 68. The description of a pantomime given in the witness-box by a man employed by the associated theatrical managers was most dreary, and Mr. Bodham Donne, the licenser of plays, who was also examined, conveyed the impression that it would be illegal for a clown to apply a red-hot poker to the person of a pantaloone without first asking the permission of the Lord Chamberlain.

Symptoms of a thaw in the Lord Chamberlain's department are beginning to show themselves. The Oriental Music Hall, at Limehouse, has received a dramatic license from the department, subject to certain conditions.

A new drama, by Mr. Tom Taylor, is in rehearsal at the New Holborn Theatre, to be followed by a burlesque by Mr. W. S. Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert is also writing a burlesque for the New Royalty, and a new comic cantata for the Oxford Music Hall. The "Road to Ruin," by Holcroft, will shortly be produced at the St. James's Theatre, to be followed by a new drama, from the French, by Mr. T. Robertson. Mr. Robertson has also read a new play at the Princess's, which will be immediately put in rehearsal.

The Hippodrome, at Islington, is a large and well-conducted equestrian theatre, but the descriptive programme issued by the managers is a singular piece of composition. Take the description of the Russian part of the cavalcade:—

"RUSSIA.—The Emperor Nicholas in his Winter Travelling Costume, seated upon a very elegant Sledge drawn by four Rein Deers; by the side of the Emperor will be the monster Russian Bear; on the top of the bear-pole will be the arms of that cold and chilly nation, where

the cheerful sun of summer seldom smiles; where Albion's sons are benumbed with cold; where cultivation withers; where vegetation dies; where ice and snow collect; where winds whistle cold; and stern frozen lakes and rivers abound. Every department of this section will be in faithful accordance of facts that are of daily occurrence in that winter-like vicinity and cheerless snow-bound land."

India is similarly treated:—

"INDIA will be represented by the King and Queen of Delhi, surrounded by their numerous attendants, seated in Chairs of State on the back of the Monster Elephant. Delhi inhabitants of the sun-burnt soil of an Eastern clime, in habiliments worn in that distant land, far beyond the wide unfathomed deep. Waving high aloft are seen trophies, banners, and emblematic devices."

The allusion to England in the concluding paragraph is quite affecting:—

"The Messrs. SANGERS, in conclusion, most respectfully intimates that England being the land of their birth, they trust their endeavours to please the inhabitants of their dear native land will meet with that success and give that satisfaction it has been their pride and study to deserve."

SCIENCE.

THE following data as to the mortality of children under five years of age in the different countries of Europe possess much interest, and furnish food for serious reflection. Notwithstanding the cold of Norway and the additional demand which cold makes for care in the management of infancy, out of every 100 children born, a larger percentage live to see their fifth birthday in that country than in any other of Europe. Out of 100 children born in Norway, 83 attain the age of 5 years; in Sweden 80; in Denmark 80, including Slesvig and Holstein down to the Elbe, the country of the Angles of old; in England 74; in Belgium 73; in France 71; in Prussia 68; in Holland 67; in Austria 64; in Spain 64; in Russia 62; in Italy 61. Thus, though the chance is everywhere in favour of life, in one part of civilized Europe it is 8 to 2 in another only 3 to 2. To put the results in another form, out of 100 children born alive, the proportion of deaths under the age of five is, in Norway 17, Denmark 20, Sweden 20, England 26, Belgium 27, France 29, Prussia 32, Holland 33, Austria 36, Spain 36, Russia 38, Italy 39. Thus, death drawing lots for the lives of children has in one part of Europe 2, in another 4 out of 10 in his favour. Out of 100 children there die, above the 17 dying in the severe and inclement climate of Norway, 3 in Denmark, 3 in Sweden, 9 in England, 10 in Belgium, 12 in France, 15 in Prussia, 16 in Holland, 19 in Austria, 19 in Spain, 21 in Russia, and 22 in Italy. But though all England shows a mortality of 26, in her healthy districts she only loses 18, whilst double this number (36) perish in her large town districts. Thus we see in England the same contrast between the country and the city as there is between Norway and Italy. Again, if we turn to particular classes, we find still greater contrasts. According to the peerage records, out of 100 children born alive, 90 live beyond the age of five years, and the proportion among the children of the clergy is nearly the same.

A Californian paper, the *Reese River Reveille*, states that about three miles north of Lone there is an isolated mountain about five hundred feet high, known by the name of the Agate Mountain, from the fact of its entire surface, from summit to base, being covered with these pebbles and hollow globular concretions, which on digging into the ground are found like a crop of potatoes. The agates are mostly oval, but sometimes globular in form, they vary from one to four inches in diameter, are beautifully banded and striped, and, in the hands of a skilful lapidary, are capable of being fashioned into very pleasing ornaments. The spherical concretions are sometimes nearly perfect globes, though commonly not so symmetrical. They are hollow, and lined inside with a layer of quartz crystals, displaying, when broken, a little crystal grotto. Some contain a smaller concretion inside, and thus rattle when shaken in the hand.

General Shortrede has called the attention of the Astronomical Society to the influence of the vapour of mercury in depressing the barometer. In temperate climates the effect is hardly perceptible, and may be discarded except in very delicate experiments; but in the tropics, or in exceptionally warm weather, the height of the mercurial column is very sensibly depressed from this cause. In India, for instance, General Shortrede found that the true reading obtained after tilting the barometer, so as to condense the vapour, differed from the observed reading before having recourse to this expedient by from ten to twenty-thousandths of an inch, and on one occasion by so much as .023. The tubes were in exceptionally good order, the vacuum being so perfect that after the tube had been placed in a horizontal position, the mercury, by electrical attraction, would adhere to the top of the tube, and not separate till shaken by tapping.

A recent number of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* publishes the following interesting communication from Dr. Hooker, respecting the cedar of Lebanon:—

"The Rev. M. Tristram, F.L.S., informs me of a most interesting discovery lately made in the Lebanon, viz., of several extensive groves

of cedar-trees by Mr. Jessup, an American missionary, a friend of his own, to whom he pointed out the probable localities in the interior. Of these there are five, three of great extent east of Ain Zabalteh, in the Southern Lebanon. This grove lately contained 10,000 trees, and had been purchased by a barbarous Sheikh, from the more barbarous (?) Turkish Government, for the purpose of trying to extract pitch from the wood. The experiment, of course, failed, and the Sheikh was ruined; but several thousand trees were destroyed in the attempt. One of the trees measured fifteen feet in diameter, and the forest is full of young trees, springing up with great vigour. He also found two small groves on the eastern slope of Lebanon, overlooking the Baka'a, above El Medek; and two other large groves, containing many thousand trees, one above El Baruk and another near Ma'asiv, where the trees are very large and equal to any others: all are being destroyed for firewood. Still another grove has been discovered near Dama, in the western slope of Lebanon, near the one discovered by Mr. Tristram himself. This gives ten distinct localities in the Lebanon to the south of the originally-discovered one, and including it. Ehrenberg had already discovered one to the north of that locality, and thence northwards the chain is unexplored by voyager or naturalist."

Blue litmus paper has hitherto been the most delicate test possessed by chemists for the presence of an acid. Unfortunately, however, it has been found that its not being reddened by a given fluid affords no absolute certainty of the absence of acids. It is even inferior in delicacy to the reddened litmus paper used as a test for alkalies. M. Schonbein has, however, furnished us with a test for acids, of remarkable sensitiveness. It indicates the presence of the very smallest amount of an acid, being so delicate that it shows the presence of carbonic acid in distilled water that has been merely breathed upon. It is obtained by treating cyanine blue with soda, dissolving one part of the product in one hundred parts of alcohol, and adding twice its volume of water to the solution. The cyanine blue is formed by acting on iodide of amyl with lepidine. Schonbein's test-fluid is applicable also to the detection of bases, and is of extraordinary delicacy when used for that purpose. It enables us to ascertain the presence of the exceedingly small amount of oxide of lead which is dissolved by water, and which is not to be rendered perceptible by sulphuretted hydrogen. That used for acids is adapted to alkalies, by merely reddening it with an acid.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE aspect of financial affairs is rather less favourable this week. Since the date of the last account nearly half a million in gold has been taken from the Bank for exportation, in addition to the sums recently imported. It is true that the superabundance of money continues as great as ever, and the ordinary charge for bills in the open discount market is still 3 per cent., or a half per cent. below the Bank rate, with occasional transactions at a fraction less, still there is always a certain vague apprehension in the minds of the public when gold is withdrawn from the Bank. It may not now in any material degree diminish the reserve, the great point to which attention is invariably paid; but then comes the fear that it will possibly do so before long. This feeling is the one fruitful source of panics and monetary pressures, which has been inflicted upon us by the Act of 1844. That unfortunate item of the reserve is the one most anxiously scrutinized, and its diminution at all times creates some anxiety. At present the total is so large, notwithstanding the recent withdrawals of bullion, that a reduction should apparently be viewed with comparative indifference. Yet the moment a few hundred thousand pounds go out of the Bank even for what is known to be a temporary purpose, people become uneasy, the funds fall, and an immediate rise in the rate of discount is at once canvassed. As yet there seem little or no signs of such a contingency, but it is undeniable that nearly all classes of public securities have become flatter simultaneously with the efflux of bullion from the Bank.

Several reasons have been assigned for these unexpected shipments. The most probable at first sight is that they are to pay for corn imported in consequence of our deficient harvest. This explanation would meet the case in its simplest and most tangible form. We doubt, however, whether it is true. It has been common enough since the era of free trade to hear of a drain of specie in exchange for wheat, but the contingency rarely happens. Except in years of famine, our imports of grain are invariably paid for in the same way as other commodities, by the operation of mercantile bills, international exchange transactions, and the ordinary machinery of modern commerce. It is only on very exceptional occasions that it is necessary to resort to the comparatively exploded method of employing bullion. It can hardly be said that our crops have been so bad as to bring us to this extremity. Besides, supposing that it were so, there is no doubt that the drain would

have commenced some months earlier. The position of the foreign exchanges enables us to judge whence it has really proceeded. The rate in Paris has been gradually falling, owing to the realizations of English commercial bills by the French bankers. As a rule, the latter usually place about a third of their funds in these securities, but have latterly been calling them in. The same process took place during the late panic, and was the cause why gold was exported from England to France at a time when the respective rates of discount were 10 and 4 per cent. Financial distrust was then at the root of the matter. At present foreigners are troubled with political misgivings. They do not like the Reform movement, popular demonstrations, and the possibility of a recurrence of the Hyde Park riots, which in their eyes mean nothing less than revolution, and, perhaps, anarchy. Consequently, they are getting their money away from here as fast as they can. Inasmuch, however, as the amount of Continental capital employed in England is for the moment unusually small, this movement can have no important effect. When it is perceived that political disturbances here are out of the question, the whole sum now taken will probably be returned with, perhaps, a good deal more. The Paris banks will revert to their old practice of discounting largely English commercial paper, and matters will soon come to their old footing.

The success of the Russian loan has been outstripped by that for Chili. The total asked of two millions has been subscribed more than eight times over, and the scrip has steadily commanded from 1 to 2 premium. The magnitude of the application is, however, in some degree due to the non-requirement of a deposit. Formerly, this was an invariable rule, but of late years the practice has been imported from France of insisting upon a preliminary payment, both as regards public loans and shares in companies. The corresponding plan of making allotments, *pro rata*, has very seldom been followed. Hence, when any new project has been started, the moment the allotment is made there is a constant stream of complaints. A disappointed applicant has some justice on his side when he urges the unfairness of his receiving no allotment after the contractors or directors, as the case may be, have kept his money for a week or a fortnight. No payment being required for application for the Chilian loan, there will not be any room for cavil. It becomes simply a matter of selection, and the contractors are perfectly free to choose those applicants who are likely to hold the stock as a permanent investment, and have not subscribed for the mere sake of the premium. It is understood that many persons have applied with the intention of at once paying up in full. This is not surprising, considering the favourable terms upon which the loan is issued, and the very high estimation in which the credit of Chili is justly held.

We are not likely to be left long without further outlets for the disposal of our spare capital. Portugal is said to be coming forward with a new loan, a project which does not appear very promising. There is also a possibility that Messrs. Fould's affair with Spain will be introduced on the English market, although this will involve as a preliminary step the adjustment of the existing Passive and Certificate debts. Even France is also rumoured to be on the point of appealing for the assistance of British capitalists. This last report, however, can hardly be true. France is quite wealthy enough to provide what she wants over and over again. Lastly, Prince Charles, the sovereign of Roumania (Moldo-Wallachia), is about to prefer a modest demand. The Viceroy of Egypt contemplated a fresh operation, but the terms offered were so onerous, that is understood that he has abandoned the intention for the present. It will thus be seen that investors will have a fine field before them.

The severity of the weather and its probable effect on the traffic returns has caused a general fall in railway stocks. Why the loss of a few hundred pounds in one week should be considered sufficient to depreciate railway property to the extent nominally of hundreds of thousands, is a mystery which we leave the speculators to determine. The general public have certainly nothing to do with it. At this period of the year intending sellers invariably wait until they have received their dividends. They do not gain by it; on the contrary, will probably lose. Such, however, is the public habit, and it is useless to attempt to argue against it.

Much interest attaches to the decision of Vice-Chancellor Malins on the question of liability raised by several shareholders in Overend, Gurney, & Co. There seems little doubt that these proprietors will be held answerable to the creditors of the company. If it were not so, no prudent trader would consent for a moment to give credit to any joint-stock association.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

MR. DIXON AMONG THE MORMONS.*

MR. DIXON has written a very interesting and amusing book. His style is not faultless, and his reflections are not over profound, but he is never dull, and we have accompanied him through the two volumes of his adventures without feeling the road either long or tedious. The first part of the work is devoted to an account of the journey to Salt Lake, and we recommend any one who still retains the least faith in the noble savage, "the stoic of the woods," to read the accurate description of his manners and customs which Mr. Dixon has penned. We learn for the first time of a peculiar use to which he puts his wife. When a prisoner is to be mercilessly tortured he is handed over to the squaws, who tear out his nails, break his finger joints, and put fire under his feet with a spirit and a perseverance to which the men of the tribe confess themselves unequal. But we regard these preliminary chapters much in the light of the play before the grand piece. The Mormons are the centre of attraction, and certainly Mr. Dixon has not failed either in courage or in diligence in putting an exhaustive and candid record of his experiences of these strange fanatics before us. He virtually is the first writer who has done so. All other accounts which we have seen failed either through bigotry or through ignorance in disclosing the real condition of affairs. Here, however, we get a distinct and trustworthy narrative from an observer who speaks with candour and a discretion which does him considerable credit, considering the difficulty of mentioning ugly things without rendering them more revolting by a mistaken prudery. Mr. Dixon is not more facetious than he can help, for it is quite impossible for any man to keep his countenance altogether under control while being instructed in the mysteries of the Mormon persuasion. He is not inhospitable enough to abuse people who appear, whatever may be their Biblical faults, to possess one at least of the Biblical virtues; and while showing the curious and springing influences which are developing out of this strange community, while contrasting its growth and history with that of other sects, he does not attempt to overwhelm us with a theory or a prophecy such as a Rationalistic writer could never resist the temptation of composing.

The peculiar institution of Utah, Mr. Dixon thinks, owes not a few of its practices not to Scripture alone, but to the Indian customs. The hut of the red-skin has supplied Joe Smith or Young with as many hints as the Arabian tent. They regard Abraham as the greatest of saints. "Everything that Abraham did they pronounce it right for them to do." This, as our readers will easily conjecture, gives them a fair latitude to move in. "Sarai is their perfect woman, because she called her husband 'lord,' and gave her handmaid, Hagar, into his bosom for a wife." In order to sanctify polygamous marriages, the Saints lay it down that, according to the number of his wives, will a man be honoured in heaven. Bachelors, at best, can only be angels; but a Saint who keeps an extensive harem in this life shall sit upon a throne in the next. Every Mormon can have one wife as by right, but for all others he must get a license from his district superior, and from the Prophet Young. Young has twelve, and numbers of others "sealed" to him. The "sealing" is a kind of mystic contract, but may or may not be a marriage in our benighted sense of the word. As a woman's chance of a distinguished salvation more or less depends upon her being linked with a prophet or an elder, old ladies often get "sealed" to prominent Saints with the simple view of saving their souls. Not that the Mormons frighten the ladies with spiritual terrors, for the Prophets, according to Mr. Dixon, preach "that women are, in point of fact, not worth damnation." But they are advanced to higher places by securing spiritual spouses of an eminent character. If a Mormon wishes he can be "sealed" to his wife for this life and the next, or he can so manage as to sever the connection totally when he departs this world. Mr. Dixon compares the belief in a future state of matrimony to the Indian notion of finding his dog and bow in the happy hunting grounds. If a lady wishes to display a more than ordinary amount of piety, she can be "sealed" to a dead man by "substitution." Joe Smith, now in paradise, is the husband of various wives who were infants when he was a prophet on earth. His deputies or substitutes will surrender their claims to him when the proper time comes, and Brigham Young has several wives for Joe Smith, the children all bearing the name of Smith, and being taken care of for him by their deputy father, Young. For a man to have twenty boys and girls of a family is not uncommon, and Mr. Dixon met a patriarch, aged 33, who was unable to count his offspring without consulting a ledger. Good living (in the sense of eating and drinking) is much encouraged at Utah. Peaches and confectionery are very popular. Tobacco and wine are not abused, but are to be found in most of the houses. The theatre is a favourite amusement of the Saints. Here is a graphic sketch of it:—

"The pit, rising sharply from the orchestra, so that every one seated on its benches can see and hear to advantage, is the choicest part of the house. All these benches are let to families; and here the principal elders and bishops may be seen every play-night, surrounded by their wives and children, laughing and clapping like boys at a pantomime. Yon rocking-chair, in the centre of the pit, is Young's own seat; his place of pleasure in the midst of his Saints.

* New America. By William Hepworth Dixon. Two vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

When he chooses to occupy his private box, one of his wives, perhaps Eliza the Poetess, Harriet the Pale, or Amelia the Magnificent, rocks herself in his chair while laughing at the play. Round about that chair, as the place of honour, cluster the benches of those who claim to stand nearest to the prophet: of Heber Kimball, first councillor; of Daniel Wells, second councillor and general-in-chief; of George A. Smith, apostle and historian of the church; of George Q. Cannon, apostle; of Edward Hunter, presiding bishop; of Elder Stenhouse, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*; and of a host of less brilliant Mormon lights."

Mr. Dixon does not verify Artemus Ward's story of the "Lady of Lyons" being performed here, and of an elder starting up in the middle of it declaring he "wouldn't sit and listen to such a cussed row about one woman." The prophet's daughters act—some well, and some indifferent well. There is a box set apart for the actresses, into which they can retire during the intervals when they are not required, and view the drama as spectators. The Mormon creed is to make this world as agreeable as possible, and to comfort themselves with the reflection that in doing so they are carrying out the first and supreme duty of their religious views. Mr. Dixon appears to experience a difficulty in understanding their principles, and to us the difficulty seems to lie in his having too good an opinion of them. If they are looked at from a correct stand-point, their system is comprehensible enough. To compare them with the Christian association is absurd. To go deeply into questions of ethics or history with reference to them is out of place. Mr. Dixon, in one or two passages, and even in sections, examines the nature and constitution of what he terms the "New Church;" but we feel bound to repudiate the very words. This miserable compound of sensuality and profane hypocrisy surely does not deserve the title of a "New Church." When Mr. Dixon alludes to its claim for universality, and in the same paragraph mentions the Protestant and the Roman Catholic religions, we do not think he has sufficiently guarded himself from misconception. Whatever "reason" is to be found in Mormonism is rather in Mr. Dixon's way of putting it than in the wretched sham itself. He should have given us some specimens of the Mormon book to judge from. He claims for the Mormons a fraternity, while he insists alliteratively that Christian sects "damn each other from fast to feast." We feel impatient at any one placing what is based upon lust, as foul as the lust of Paganism, on a level with the pure ideals and practice of even the most unsatisfactory form of Christianity. Mr. Dixon must have seen below the surface of the jargon he quotes, and that he did see, there is sufficient evidence in these volumes to indicate; but he should have stated his conviction without hedging it. He says, "Among the Mormon presidents and apostles we have not seen one face in which liar and hypocrite were written." Is not Young a liar and hypocrite? A "liar," expounding his revelations and doctrines; a "hypocrite," knowing in his heart they are pure or impure inventions, born of depraved appetites?

"It is one of the pleasantries of Utah that Kimball never lets a missionary go forth on a journey without giving him injunctions to bring back young lambs."

Now the meaning of this "pleasantry" is that agents are sent abroad to inveigle silly or viciously inclined women to the Mormon territory, and in our opinion a missionary of this kind richly deserves the punishment inflicted on garotters. We say he deserves it, though we could not logically sustain the right to fasten him to a triangle. If the world is not to go back, we do not want Mormonism. We suspect it is becoming as unsavoury in America as those houses which parish authorities often strive to suppress. It is no more worth arguing about than the "Agapemone" or the "White Quakers." Its value lies in the lesson, the sad and humiliating lesson contained in the fact of its existence. With all our boasted civilization, with books, and poets, and paid clergy, and newspapers, we find some thousands of people turning from every intellectual light, and kneeling before an altar whose rites are impurity and whose liturgy is blasphemous. The excuse once offered for Voltaire, that not believing in God he could not be responsible to him, is often preferred to cover the wickedness and perversity of institutions like Mormonism. This notion apparently underlies Mr. Dixon's sentiments on the subject, but he does not for all that keep the truth back. He admits the prison-like look of the houses. That the women are subdued and spiritless, and are the mere servants and creatures of their masters. That they are badly dressed and unhappy in many respects. They are incapable of sustained conversation, and seldom smile "except with a wan and weary look." "Though they are all of English race, we have never heard them laugh with the bright merriment of English girls." Surely this picture ought to satisfy us as to the value of the new religion. Mr. Dixon does not venture to predict what a second and third generation of it will produce if it be permitted to increase. We think there are in it the germs of its own extinction. Whether the Americans will allow the Mormons to remain undisturbed we very much question. They are making themselves politically obnoxious to a powerful party, and if recent accounts be correct, steps are already being taken to interfere with the seclusion of the settlement. A railroad is pushing towards it, and as soon as the communication between Utah and the States is rendered in any way easy, we suspect the entire system will fall to the ground. One of the main props to the edifice was that those who went to support it found it almost impossible to leave, and it was darkly hinted that several who endeavoured to "escape" were murdered by "Saints" who were despatched after them. A Bill is being introduced by Senator Howard for regulating the selection of grand

and petit jurors in Utah, and this, if enforced, would also contribute to break up the communion. We certainly would not like to see shot and shell brought to enforce morality and decency, but if the laws can be fairly put in motion to remove this scandalous association, we are convinced that legislation was never better directed. Mr. Dixon, at the end of his first volume gives a conversation in which he took part with some American gentlemen on this point. Mr. Dixon claims for the Mormons what we must term the virtues of agriculture and outside cleanliness as a substitute for godliness. He recommends that the Saints should be let alone, and that as truth is truth it will assert itself. To all of which proposals we should assent as long as the Saints were not mischievous. But are not obscene placards mischievous, and if obscene lives are paraded by missionaries whose searches after young lambs are among the pleasantries of Utah, we cannot be profoundly mistaken in deciding that they ought to be regarded and treated as nuisances.

Mr. Dixon's second volume is devoted to general sketches of American life and character, which are written with a photographic distinctness and with much literary grace. Occasionally there are a few affectations and mannerisms, but, on the whole, these books, while bearing evidence of being dashed off at a heat, afford a rare and agreeable treat, and possess the truth and correctness of colour which one would expect from pictures done on the spot. We have not for a long time read any work on America with which we have been so delighted, and we can cordially recommend it to our readers.

THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN WAR.*

WE have already had occasion to speak in the most favourable manner of Lieutenant-Colonel Fletcher's "History of the American War," and the concluding volume of the work is quite equal in merit to its predecessors. It is marked by the same clearness in narration, the same well-defined grasp of the military situation, and the same impartiality in awarding praise and blame to the commanders on each side. The author's sympathy is evidently with the Confederates, but the fact does not make him unjust to the Federal generals or soldiers. He is equally ready to recognise the skill and bravery, or to expose the shortcomings, of either party. When we add that, without any pretensions to "graphic" writing, the style of the work is easy, animated, and forcible; and that the criticisms, upon the strategy of the campaigns described, are marked by great acuteness and are evidently the result of careful study and considerable professional knowledge, we shall have said enough to recommend the book to the attention of all who desire to traverse once more the American battle-fields under thoroughly competent guidance.

In his previous volumes Colonel Fletcher had brought down the history of the war to the fall of Vicksburg and the battle of Gettysburg in the summer of 1863. Before these triumphs of the Federal arms there was for a short time a period of something like hesitation and doubt on the part of the Northern people. Notwithstanding their gigantic exertions, they had seen general after general defeated by Lee, and in spite of many successes they had gained but few substantial advantages. Had Lee conquered at Gettysburg and taken Washington, as he could in that case almost certainly have done, it is probable that the Democratic party in the Federal States would have acquired sufficient power to enforce the conclusion of a peace upon the basis of Confederate independence. But the event we have mentioned inspired the North with new courage and energy, and from that moment there was no longer any wavering in the prosecution of the war. The year did not close without affording other grounds for hope, or perhaps we should rather say, without furnishing other proofs of the steadily growing preponderance of the Northern Power. It is true that the siege of Charlestown failed, but on the two principal theatres of the war the advantage rested with the Federals. The most active operations of the autumn campaign took place in Tennessee, when General Rosecranz was engaged in forcing his way towards the important strategic point of Chattanooga. That place was abandoned to him by General Bragg, who retired to Chicamunga in order to concentrate his army and effect a junction with reinforcements under Longstreet, which were on their way from Lee's army in Virginia. The unskilfulness of the Federal commander, who divided his army into detached portions, separated from each other by mountain defiles, afforded Bragg an admirable opportunity for cutting them off in detail. Unfortunately, he did not possess the confidence of his troops, nor could he rely upon the cordial co-operation of his subordinate generals, who were jealous of each other and distrustful of him. His operations were, therefore, not attended with success, and Rosecranz was allowed again to concentrate his army on the banks of the Chicamunga creek. In the two days' battle which followed, the advantage rested with the Confederates, who compelled their antagonists to retreat to Chattanooga. Had the advice of Longstreet been taken, the defeat might have been rendered decisive; but Bragg was cautious when he ought to have been bold: he arrested the pursuit, and when he once more appeared in front of Chattanooga the Federals had established themselves too firmly in that place to be driven out by the forces under his command. The defeated army having been reorganized and reinforced with a rapidity which testifies in the strongest manner both to the energy of the War Department at

Washington and to the resources at their disposal, was placed under the command of Grant, who closed the campaign by the brilliant victory of Missionary Ridge. In Virginia there was a period of reaction and repose after the battle of Gettysburg, and the subsequent retreat of the Confederates. In October, however, Lee again put his army in motion, and leaving his encampment on the Rapidan, sought, by turning the right flank of Meade's army, then stationed at Culpepper, to cut it off from its base of operations at Alexandria. These tactics were, as Colonel Fletcher remarks, somewhat similar to those which had been employed with such remarkable success against General Pope in the previous year. The Federal army was now, however, greatly improved. "It was commanded by a general of far higher ability than General Pope; its cavalry had been rendered efficient, and consequently the system of picket duties and reconnaissances were now thoroughly organized and better performed." The result was that Lee's movement was speedily discovered, and that Meade was able to retire without serious loss to his fortified lines at Alexandria. Too weak to attack them, the Confederate general had to retreat once more to the banks of the Rappahannock, from which he was subsequently pushed back to those of the Rapidan. Here, however, he took up so strong a position that Meade declined to attack him, and the campaign closed without any further operations. During the movements we have been describing, an incident of a very singular character occurred, savouring, as Colonel Fletcher remarks, more of the romance of ancient wars than of the regular operations of modern armies:—

"Marching towards Warrenton, Stuart's advanced guard suddenly reported a strong body of troops moving in good order along a road parallel with the rail, and directly between the cavalry and the main Confederate army. To retreat was impossible, owing to the large force he had already encountered on the rail; to endeavour to cut his way through the column was an enterprise too hazardous even for General Stuart; and the only remaining alternative was to conceal his cavalry and artillery in a pine wood on a knoll overlooking the road, trusting that the column would pass on without discovering his position. Anxiously did the Confederate troopers watch through the stems of the trees, the enemy marching unsuspectingly below them; but still more anxiously did they behold the preparations for bivouacking almost within a stone's throw of their hiding-place. The Federals bivouacked, and not only could the words of command be heard, but even the conversation of the soldiers as they tended their horses. It now became a question what course to pursue; whether, abandoning the artillery, to cut a way through the surrounding enemy, or to endeavour to send word to head-quarters of the perilous position in which so large a portion of the Confederate cavalry was placed. Stuart, unwilling to lose his guns, resolved on the latter course, and calling for volunteers for a dangerous enterprise, selected three men, whom he directed to put on infantry knapsacks, and joining the Federal troops, to pass through them, and in all haste reach Warrenton. In the meantime, two Federal officers strayed into the Confederate lines, and were captured, but bore their misfortune lightly, as they anticipated that the morrow would see their positions reversed, and their captors prisoners.

"The night passed by, but no sound gave notice to the Federals of the close vicinity of their foe. At daybreak, on the following morning, the crack of rifles was heard, proclaiming that the messengers had reached General Lee, and that relief was at hand. Then the Federals were seen preparing for action, still ignorant of the enemy on their flank. As soon as the engagement had commenced, Stuart opened on them with grape, and availing himself of the disorder caused by an attack from so unexpected a quarter, limbered up his guns, and galloping through the ranks of the infantry, sabered several, and rejoined, with little loss, the Commander-in-Chief. Men who were present during that eventful night, say that seldom have they passed through a period of such intense excitement."

The experience of 1862-3 was not lost upon the Northern statesmen and people. They saw that the advantage of their great resources, and of the numerical superiority of their arms, had been in a great measure neutralized by the dissipation of their efforts over an immense number of points, and by the want of such a centralization of command as might insure combined action. The opening of the campaign of 1864 found General Grant installed in office as Commander-in-Chief, with full authority to dispose of all the armies of the Union, and with a definite plan of action founded upon the concentration of his forces upon two leading lines. He had under his command on the 1st of May no fewer than 662,345 men, admirably equipped and plentifully supplied with everything that can contribute to the efficiency of an army in the field. On the other hand, the Confederates had not more than 220,000 men under arms, and even these were but indifferently furnished with the necessary *material* of war. The superiority of the Federals becomes even more striking when we consider the forces opposed to each other on the principal battle-fields. For instance, the total number of men brought to bear against Richmond and the armies that defended it was 284,630, while Lee had only 56,626 at his disposal. And yet with this small force the Confederate general not only held his opponent in check for several months, but by boldly assuming the offensive upon several occasions, he more than once obtained advantages which were within an ace of resulting in decisive victories. General Grant's first intention was to advance directly upon Richmond, but he was forced to relinquish this plan by the result of the second battle of the Wilderness; by the promptness with which Lee secured the Spottsylvania court-house before the Federal troops could arrive, and by the admirable skill and firmness with which he subsequently took up and held positions of great natural strength upon the North Anna and the Chicka-

* History of the American War. By Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, Scots Fusilier Guards. Vol. III. Third and Fourth Years of the War (concluding volume). London: Bentley.

hominous rivers. It is impossible for us to enter into the details of these questions, which must indeed be fresh in the recollection of our readers. The net result was that by the early part of June, 1864, even Grant himself was convinced that it was in vain to attempt to enter Richmond on the north side of the James river. In a campaign fought without much strategy, and in battles displaying but little tactical skill, he had sacrificed 60,000 men since he marched into the Wilderness, and his troops were becoming dispirited and demoralized by this frightful waste of life. On the other hand, although the Confederates had only lost 18,000 men, they were still less able to afford this drain upon their scanty forces; and Lee found himself reduced to the necessity of adopting a cautious and strictly defensive strategy, and of abandoning those vigorous offensive operations for which he had been so remarkable in the early years of the war. With the transfer of Grant's army to the south side of the James river commenced a series of steady persistent operations, undertaken with the object of cutting off the communications of Richmond with the west and south, and thus compelling Lee to evacuate it, under peril of seeing his army completely surrounded and starved into submission. No one will deny that Grant displayed remarkable firmness of will and cool perseverance in the successive movements by which he extended his lines to the south and west of the doomed city. He is also entitled to praise for the manner in which he made his superiority of numbers felt on every part of the field of action. But beyond this he did not display any remarkable ability, and the operations of the armies of Virginia during the few months which preceded the fall of Richmond, are amongst the least interesting in the course of the war.

The fate of the Confederacy was, in fact, decided elsewhere. The army of the Tennessee was placed at the opening of the campaign under the command of Sherman—an officer who had highly distinguished himself in the previous year, and of whose eminent skill as a general, Colonel Fletcher, in common with all other military writers, entertains the highest opinions. Sherman had at his disposal 98,000 men; while Johnstone, who opposed him, had never more than 67,000. It was the plan of the latter commander to draw Sherman from his base of communications by a gradual retreat, taking up from time to time strong defensive positions, which the latter could only attack at a great disadvantage, or turn at the cost of considerable delay. So well did he carry out these Fabian tactics, that it cost Sherman two months to advance one hundred miles from Chattanooga to Atlanta. It is understood that at this place it was Johnstone's intention to deliver a final battle; but, before he could do so, he was superseded by General Hood—an officer supposed to possess more of that dash which had led to such brilliant results in the early Virginia campaigns. The consequences of this change of commanders—due in a great measure to Mr. Davis's dislike of Johnstone—are well known. By a series of masterly operations Sherman obtained possession of Atlanta, while Hood's rash advance northward left him at liberty to march through the heart of the Confederate States—first upon Savannah, and afterwards traversing the Carolinas, in the direction of Richmond. Of the military ability displayed by Sherman in this singularly bold and original operation, Colonel Fletcher speaks in tones of unreserved admiration. But at the same time he stigmatizes, with well-deserved severity, the license which Sherman permitted to his soldiers, and the reckless use which they made of it—in plundering and devastating the country through which they passed. There can be no doubt that this march was the death-blow of the Confederacy, whose fortunes were, indeed, from this cause, now reduced to the lowest ebb:—

"In truth, at this period, the South was exhausted in men and means, whilst her citizens many had lost heart. In her finances she was hopelessly insolvent. Her means of communication with Europe had been cut off; her cities and manufactories for warlike stores had been captured; her railways had been broken up; her provisions, cattle, and horses almost exhausted, and her once united territory divided into several fractions by the march southwards of the Federal armies of the Mississippi and of the Ohio. The resources, still great, of the trans-Mississippi States were, from distance and the absence of communication, valueless; and from a want of decision and vigour in her government, carried on in the trammels of constitutional restraints, she was deprived of the assistance of a large portion of her population, and was forced to listen to the debates of theorists when her whole strength should have been concentrated in vigorous action."

Soon after Sherman had arrived at Goldsborough, in North Carolina, Lee made one last effort to break through the coils which were closed around him, by a vigorous attack upon Grant's entrenchments. But the disparity of forces was too great to allow of success; and, after a gallant struggle, the assailants were not only beaten back, but were compelled to relinquish a portion of their own works. On the 2nd of April Grant delivered a final and general assault upon the Confederate lines in front of Petersburg. Feebly guarded, they were pierced at several points, and the invading host swept onwards towards Richmond. Nothing but retreat now remained to Lee. This step had however been delayed too late. The Federal forces barred his progress in every direction; his army dwindled down to 8,000 armed men, and 18,000 too weak to carry their muskets; and on the 7th of April he surrendered to Grant at Appomattox court-house, on the road between Richmond and Lynchburg. A few days after, Johnstone, who had been replaced in command of the army opposed to Sherman, also laid down his arms, and the great American civil war was at an end.

FLORENCE.*

WHEN Mr. Weld visited Florence last winter to cater for the contents of this volume, it was not supposed that events were rapidly approaching which were to give to the new capital of Italy the enhanced dignity it would derive from the liberation of Venice, and which, by removing the last vestige of foreign domination, would enable the young kingdom to enter upon that career of social development for which Italian patriots had so long thirsted. But these events have come to pass. Italy is now one; the Roman question seems in a fair way of settlement; no foreign enemy threatens the safety of the new kingdom; the Government has shown itself able to cope with revolt, as in Palermo, and will in time, perhaps, succeed in suppressing brigandage. But, happy as is this state of things, it is not without its difficulties, and the Italians must beware lest, freed from enemies abroad, they should find one in themselves. This is the only danger we have to apprehend for them; but it is by no means an impossible one, for it has often been seen that men whom nothing else could defeat have been defeated by their own success. What, then, is the present attitude of the Italian people? Are they turning their hands as zealously to works of peace as they did to achievements in war? Are they laying aside mutual distrust and dislike, so that the Tuscan no longer sees a foreigner in the Piedmontese? Does an enfranchised people begin to develop the virtues of liberty? These are the questions that now interest those whose sympathies have been with the Italians in their long struggle to reach the point they have attained, and the testimony of so accurate an observer and so agreeable a writer as Mr. Weld cannot fail to be welcome, not only so far as it gives an answer to these questions, but for any insight we obtain from it into the new life of the Italian people.

Much, of course, is not as yet to be expected. Italy, free from the Alps to the Adriatic, dates only from last summer, and it cannot be hoped that a nation whose passions have long been at boiling heat will be able suddenly to allay them; while, on the other hand, there are vices, the fruit of despotism, which freedom cannot at once eradicate. The most hopeful symptom of regeneration is the growth of industrial occupation, and this symptom is not wanting in Florence. Mr. Weld was startled by the change which had come over the city of flowers since he had last visited it. Churches, campaniles, palaces, were all as he remembered them, but when he looked down upon the Lung' Arno from his window in the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne, he saw at once how great a change had come over the recent Tuscan capital. So it was in all the leading thoroughfares. The inhabitants no longer lounged indolently along them, but hurried onwards like men who have business on hand, and to whom time is a thing to be utilized, not killed. "It was positively refreshing," Mr. Weld tells us, "after being buffeted by the crowds filling the leading streets—for the motley inhabitants have not yet adopted the practice of keeping to the right as they walk through them—to turn aside into the silent and solemn Via dei Bardi." This, doubtless, was owing to the increase of the population since the removal of the seat of Government from Turin, which has also told in an equal increase in house-rent. So Mr. Weld writes:—"In the ducal days of Florence, this [finding a lodging] would have been an easy task, but now not only are apartments, furnished or unfurnished, most difficult to be obtained, but, when found, the price demanded is enormous;" and again, "long drives and walks in search of lodgings only led to my practically experiencing the truth of what I had often heard, that, in the city of flowers, the demand during the past winter for this accommodation greatly exceeded the supply. It was amazing to find the prices asked for rooms. Remembering former days, when suites were to be had for less than is now demanded for a couple of small apartments, it was positively startling to hear the prices required for the latter." The increased price of provisions; the alteration of streets—that of the Via Tornabuoni, for instance; the opening of new and splendid shops, rivalling, in many instances, those of Paris and London; the erection of a vast central market; the demand for hotels upon the scale of our Langham,—all bespeak a city which has awakened to a new life, and which feels that to be equal to its destiny it must have a material as well as a moral expansion—nay, must have that expansion of sheer necessity to hold its population. This necessity has given rise to the "Florence Land and Public Works Company," of whose doings Mr. Weld shall speak in his own person.

"But by far the greatest change in the new capital of Italy is that already effected by the Florence Land and Public Works Company, who, armed with power far surpassing that of the greatest enemy of Florence in the Middle Ages, have overthrown the greater portion of that cincture of castellated walls raised towards the end of the thirteenth century. This company, consisting principally of English shareholders, received a commission from the municipality of Florence, dated Sept. 7, 1865, empowering them to destroy the walls, convert their site into a boulevard, and erect houses adjoining the latter. The municipality granted the company 50,000 square metres of land (about twelve acres and a half), on the line of the new boulevard, and have undertaken to sell them 150,000 additional square metres at the rate of 6.50 francs per metre.

"The improvements are confined at present to the north bank of the Arno. The new boulevard, which will be planted with trees, will include in its course all the old gates, which will be like flies in the amber of modern civilization. Some of these gates are curious in an

* Florence; the New Capital of Italy. By Charles Richard Weld. London: Longmans.

architectural point of view, and interesting as monuments of a period six centuries removed from us. A square will be formed between the Pinto and Gallo gates, to which the name of Savonarola will be given, and the triumphal arch near the latter gate will be the centre of another large square.

"The only alteration contemplated with respect to the Protestant cemetery, adjoining the Pinti Gate, is the substitution of an ornamental iron railing lined with shrubs, for the present wall. Thus, those whose relatives or friends sleep here need be under no apprehension that their dust will be disturbed. . . .

"According to the proposed plans, the long line of houses looking south-west across the river, known as the Lung' Arno, will be prolonged to the small stream of the Affrico, and an extensive new quarter will stretch thence northwards to the Mugnone. The architecture of the buildings will be ornamental, and at the same time adapted to the climate of Florence. They will be divided into suites of apartments, adapted for large and small families, and be provided with every English comfort, including a copious supply of good water, brought from the sources of the Arno. Few cities require pure fresh water more than Florence. At present nearly all the drinking water is obtained from wells sunk in the immediate vicinity of the cesspools of the houses.

"It is also proposed to make a thoroughfare between the Piazza Santa Trinità and the Piazza Signoria, by enlarging the Via Porta Rossa. Such a thoroughfare is greatly required, as the latter street is far too narrow to accommodate the present traffic."

It is only in the churches, Mr. Weld tells us, that the accommodation is equal to the demand, and in these it greatly exceeds it. One of his most interesting chapters is that which treats of the present state of religion in Italy, or rather irreligion. Everywhere throughout the Peninsula, Rome excepted, the interest in religious matters among the community generally is at a very low ebb. The churches have not only lost their congregations, but the latter, as a body, appear to regard religion itself with the utmost indifference. Even in Rome San Antonio's influence is on the wane, while in Florence it is at zero. "This, however," says our author, "is not what we have to deplore, but that scepticism has usurped the place of blind superstition to such a degree that even the most solemn and rational ordinances of the Roman Catholic Church are held up to ridicule. Week after week the newspaper shops in Turin, Milan, Florence, and Naples, teem with caricatures of the most abominable description." In one of these Pius IX. is represented decapitated, the executioner being a representation of Cellini's Perseus, who beheads his victim as the genius of Italy. "Winking Madonnas and weeping saints," Mr. Weld continues, "may be fair game, but the license of caricature is greatly exceeded by such publications as these." The present religious parties in Italy he divides into three, one of whom, by the way, he describes as being of no religion at all. The other two are the Papalini, genuine adherents of the Pope, and the Reforming Catholic party, which finds its principal organization in the "Società Emancipatrice e di Mutuo Soccorso del Sacerdozio Italiano." The objects at which this party aims are:—The destruction of the Pope's temporal power; the substitution of the title "Bishop of Rome" for that of "Pope;" the disuse of Latin in all breviaries and liturgies, and the substitution of the vernacular; unfettered circulation of the Bible; voluntary confession; and the abolition of celibacy among the priesthood. This is an approach towards Protestantism; but Mr. Weld thinks that the fusion of the two creeds will never take place. Many of the lower orders of Catholics are utterly unacquainted with the nature of Protestantism, regarding the professors of this religion as rank heretics. On the other hand, "Italians that you meet in general society, and can induce to talk on religion—almost always difficult on account of the supreme indifference felt for it—will frequently avow their dislike, and even abhorrence, of the superstitions, malversations, and perversions of the Roman Catholic Church; but if you venture to introduce Protestantism, they recoil from the subject with evident aversion. Reformed Catholics they may become, but Protestants, in the Anglican sense, never." Still there are Protestants in Italy, especially in the capital—"I Protestanti." Italians in general speak of them "with sneering derision;" but they have two chapels in Florence and a college, where about thirty youths were undergoing religious training last winter. Even here, however, though the movement is considerably assisted by the Waldenses, and is afforded every opportunity of gaining converts by the Government of Victor Emmanuel, "it cannot be considered that Protestantism is gaining much ground."

From no point of view can this account of the state of religion in Italy be regarded with satisfaction; and if Mr. Weld has been correctly informed, or has not received partial impressions, Italian Christianity just now is neither fish, flesh, nor good red herring. But such a spiritual condition cannot last, and is probably to be attributed to political bitterness as much as to any other cause, and may disappear when that bitterness has finally subsided with the settlement of the Roman question. In all other respects, the late kingdom of the Two Sicilies, perhaps, excepted, there is evidence of settling down to the ordinary duties of life in a commendable spirit. The Florentines may not be able at once to shake off the impressions of the past, its indolence especially; and as yet they are very apt to display an ignorant impatience of taxation. Mr. Weld was present upon one occasion when Signor Scialoja made his financial statement, in which he had to confess to a deficit of ten millions sterling. Notwithstanding this drawback, his assertion of the necessity of keeping faith with the national creditors, and, above all, those portions of his speech in which he declared that Italian unity should be aimed at, no matter at what increase of the expenditure, were vehemently applauded by the public in

the upper gallery, who defied the law imposing silence upon strangers, and silenced the President's bell, which called them to order, by the "bravos" they thundered forth. But when the Minister developed his plans for increasing the revenue, their enthusiasm cooled. "As long," says Mr. Weld, "as these did not affect the pockets of the people, they were heard patiently, and, in some cases, even with approval. Thus the secularization of ecclesiastical property elicited no complaints; but when the Minister announced that an existing tax must be increased or a new one imposed, his audience in the public gallery quickly manifested their disapproval." Of this failing, however, they will mend, when they find that liberty, though a priceless possession, is not to be had without being paid for.

But here we must close Mr. Weld's book, which abounds in instructive and entertaining matter upon a subject in which Englishmen take an especial interest. We have read it with pleasure, and we recommend it to our readers, confident that they will fully endorse our good opinion of it.

SANATORIA FOR DRUNKARDS.*

DR. FORBES WINSLOW, who can speak with considerable authority on mental disease, has published a remarkable pamphlet on the subject of uncontrollable drunkenness. Some time ago, in an article on "Lady Tipplers," we called attention to the prevalence of female intemperance in America, and it is probable that if the truth were published of our country, the revelations would be equally startling. Dr. Winslow tells us of a lady who drank the spirits of wine out of the oil-lamps when she was deprived of her usual allowance. He informs us that 30 per cent. of lunatics owe their loss of reason to habits of intoxication, and he quotes Dr. Darwin to the effect, "that all the diseases which spring from drinking spirituous and fermented liquors are liable to become hereditary, even to the third generation, gradually increasing, if the cause be continued, till the family becomes extinct." Furthermore, we learn that the children of intemperate parents are frequently born idiots, and with decrepid physical powers. It is not our province to enter on this ground, but we have no hesitation in repeating these significant facts. The point which Dr. Winslow desires to establish is that there is a type of drunkenness which becomes uncontrollable, and he advocates the organization of sanatoria for those who are afflicted with this terrible calamity. He says he has no doubt that if such asylums were appointed patients would voluntarily surrender themselves to treatment, and those who would not, he maintains, should be compelled to do so, "having a court of inquiry (private in its character) previously to any steps being taken to deprive the alleged insane drunkard of his liberty." The *Pall Mall Gazette* of the 16th inst. had an essay on intemperance, and although the writer concurs in a great measure with the views we entertain on this subject, he appears altogether to have missed the above proposition contained in Dr. Winslow's pamphlet. The *Pall Mall* stops at the voluntary suggestion, and mentions nothing of the compulsory scheme, which is the weak part of the plan. We cannot imagine a more terrible thing than the holding of a trial even with closed doors on a man conscious of no crime, and unwilling to be placed in restraint. We have no more right to try a man for habitual drunkenness, than for habitual unchastity. The *Pall Mall* puts this with admirable clearness, but yet fails to detect where Dr. Winslow violates the principle. Keenly alive as we are to the evils of intemperance, we must not permit our feelings for an exceptional portion of the community to influence the basis of a legislation which works for the benefit of all. But while we diverge from Dr. Winslow here, we agree with him that the Voluntary Asylum for inebriates would beyond a doubt be productive of infinite good. In America a somewhat similar institution has effected an immense benefit. We have, unfortunately, our dipsomaniacs also. It may be that this word is a charitable term to cloak a sensuality which has covered its victim with a moral blindness and leprosy. Besides the intemperance which is inherited, and that which, according to Dr. Winslow, may be cured by Tartar emetic or a Turkish bath, there is another and far more common form of the vice, which is simply a vice, and which springs as all vice does from appetite, cowardice, and want of self-control. We need not always go back a generation to find the beginning of a sot. Nor do we think that drunkenness exists in the form of a disease to nearly the extent which it exists as a vice. Kleptomania is confined to high life; dipsomania, we suspect, would be called by a harder name in a police office. There is no necessity that we can see for looking towards remote causes for the prevalence of intoxication in England. The number of flourishing brewers and the number of licensed public-houses ought to afford sufficient data for Dr. Winslow to work upon. In every house amongst the middle, poorer, and almost the humblest classes, beer is a regular table drink, and beer produces the excitation which may afterwards require spirits to provoke. Dr. Winslow complains that children are encouraged to sip punch, and thus acquire a thirst for alcohol. The worst and most confirmed drunkards we ever knew were never permitted to touch intoxicating liquors in their homes, they, however, compensated themselves for this abstinence when they had the opportunities. He ascribes an evil influence to Anacreontics. We do not believe a single

* On Uncontrollable Drunkenness. By Forbes Winslow, M.D., D.C.L. London: Robert Hardwicke.

drunkard ever owed his propensity to Horace, Anacreon, Moore, Captain Morris, Dibdin, or Béranger. Drunkards do not wreath their foreheads with rose or ivy chaplets. Our climate has something to answer for, and our temperaments acted on by it still more. The song is, after all, the only graceful thing in a drinking match. The reasons and impulses to viciousness are innumerable. They are often accidental. Physicians inform us of patients who have been ordered wine medicinally continuing it afterwards until they were complete inebriates. Old Lady Clermont was recommended a teaspoonful of brandy in her coffee, but invariably managed to turn the back of the spoon towards the bottle, correcting the mistake with an air of most amusing innocence when her cup had received quadruple the prescribed quantity. Ladies are the most difficult to cure of this propensity. Dr. Winslow might have mentioned that there is a large class of Englishwomen, not ladies, with whom tipping is common. The wives of labourers, mechanics, and small shopkeepers, are addicted to intemperance to an extent which we suspect is little recognised. Persons of the "Mrs. Brown" order might be seen in hundreds in the pits of our theatres half bemused on gin or stout. The music-halls are packed with women of this kind, whose faces are sufficiently indicative of their habits. They are often affectionate in their peculiar way, and bring the children with them to places of beer and recreation. Those people never perhaps get positively drunk, but they are not examples of sobriety. Perhaps the saddest cases of intemperance are to be found amongst professional families, when the sole mainstay and support of the little household gives way to this evil propensity. Slowly, but by sure degrees, does he fall, bringing them to misery with him. He may at first confine his indulgences to after dinner, but a time comes when he is tempted to anticipate the excitement, and then his ruin commences. In fact it commences when in his own mind he recurs to the moment of semi-intoxication as the most agreeable portion of existence. Then a normal habit of viewing his occupations begins to grow distasteful. He finds that by the aid of alcohol he can survey his prospects with an indifference to fate or fortune which he will not consider illusive. Possibly his disposition may have so much good in it that wine draws out his fine qualities, and renders him even self-complacent on the score of affection to his wife and children. But this is only a stage in his progress. He soon drinks not to get half but to get wholly drunk. The exhilaration is not sufficient, and he resorts to a delirium. Then comes the last scene of all, when drink is food, friends, family, religion, and washing to him, and here, indeed, if we could only reconcile Dr. Winslow's projects with the proper functions of government, we should ask his assistance. If we do not close altogether with the "Sanatoria," it is not from want of sympathy with the promoter, who has been led by his zeal just one step too far. There can, however, be no possible objection to going with him to a very great extent, and we heartily commend his proposal to those who may have the power of putting it into shape. His scheme is now but in a crude and undeveloped state, but the groundwork of it is distinct and evident enough. Whether drunkenness is a disease or not there is no doubt that it is most frequently the parent of crime, of misery, and of death. Those who can aid in mitigating its influence, repressing it, that is sensibly, radically, and constitutionally, will assist in a noble mission, and we are indebted to Dr. Winslow for the able initiative he has given to the movement.

THE "ROB ROY" IN THE BALTIC.*

If actions are to be measured by their results, we fear that few people will consider the objects attained by Mr. Macgregor as quite worthy of the trouble he took in their achievement. To perform a voyage of 2,000 miles up and down the streams of countries of whose language he knew nothing, putting up with a three months' wardrobe of 9 lbs. weight, a commissariat weighing 3 lbs., and a medicine chest compressed into the dimensions of a match-box; to sleep now and then upon straw covered by a sheepskin, "with a great population in it," and to spend an occasional wet day with no other entertainment than that which could be extracted from a book of logarithms that had been used as a map-case, ought surely to have some reward. Mr. Macgregor seems, however, to have regarded labours and privations as rewards in themselves, and accordingly proceeded as if the great object of his life was the dissemination of tracts, the burning of little bits of magnesium wire, and the lighting of wax matches; things that became of such every-day occurrence that even the author himself very accurately describes them "as the old, old scene, interesting to see, though dull, perhaps, to read of." Although we give Mr. Macgregor credit for much undoubted pluck and self-reliance in wandering about alone, as he did, and although we are pleased to see any movement tending to promote athletics, we are at a loss to conceive what pleasure can be derived from lonely excursions conducted after the manner of this canoe voyage. The author's entire ignorance of the languages spoken by the people he met with left him little opportunity of learning anything of the countries or their inhabitants; indeed, throughout the book he tells us a great deal of himself and very little of the persons or places he visited. This is a common failing among travellers, especially among those of the

pedestrian class. You will find solitary people who scamper over a country and return home as uninformed as they went, but happy in the possession of records of their own exploits, the distances walked, and the weights carried. Mr. Macgregor is an advocate for lonely travelling; he considers that it must be a poor suffocated soul that will not feel the delight of "being alone, and that if a person is travelling with a companion he is sure to speak to him, and lose what others are saying." When it is remembered that the conversations of those other people, which Mr. Macgregor feared might be interrupted by the prattle of a friend, were conducted in a language quite unknown to him, we are inclined to think he rather overrates the advantages of uninterrupted listening; but we should prefer not saying anything as to the delight of being alone for two or three months at a time. Solitary travelling appears to us, however, to possess advantages of which Mr. Macgregor is evidently sensible, but which he has not mentioned. A companion, in addition to his habit of talking, might have a depressing influence upon the height of breakers, and a tendency to narrow the width of bays. If, too, he was a sensible man, he would be very likely to protest against those voyages which the author took up and down the canals, and along the bays of towns to the great admiration of crowds who knew the face of the Englishman that "came sailing in a kyak, and now walked about in a straw hat genially smiling."

Mr. Macgregor varied his illuminations and labours in the tract way by a little fishing, but the ideas which he seems to entertain respecting this art induces us to fear that he cannot have derived much pleasure from it. He regards it as sport to fish without catching, and the man who fishes for the fishes and not for the fishing he holds not to be a true fisherman. However truly this may represent the absence of mercenary motives in anglers, it attributes to them a greater degree of indifference to what is generally regarded as sport, than we should expect to find in any one except Mr. Macgregor himself. He must, however, have found his views convenient, especially in such instances as the day's fishing upon a good-looking lake, in which, as he was told at the end of the day, no fish had ever been heard of. One of the author's fishing adventures is so remarkable, that common fairness requires it to be told in his own words:—

"Casting my fly behind a rock it was taken by a fish, and I saw very soon that it was a large one. He played in the most puzzling manner for half an hour, often jumping out of the water, and often dragging the boat near rocks and rapids, but I would have sooner jumped into the water than lose such a prize. Three times he got under the boat, and I feared then for the thin line against the iron keel. What with the fish, the paddle, the rocks and trees, and the current, I once got so entangled that my rod slipped out of my hand, but it had no reel on, so it floated, and we gave chase up the stream and caught and grasped the butt once more—the fish still on—my little landing-net was not ready. Indeed, I was not quite prepared for this take all at once (fishermen will understand this state of things)—and the manner of getting him into the boat was the real point of the puzzle. Twice I had my mackintosh apron under him, but failed to secure his cold, fat, slippery sides, until, at the third attempt, when I fairly shovelled him into the boat with a deluge of water, a nine pound grayling, and well worth all the time and trouble, as every sportsman will allow."

It is rather a pity that Mr. Macgregor's grayling should have taken to itself such formidable dimensions. The manner in which it drags the boat about is a little too suggestive of a whaling expedition, and the diving under the boat, the loss of the rod, and the ultimate landing, irresistibly lead to the impression that the author pulls a bow much more effectually than he handles a fishing-rod. For the style of the book we cannot say much, such straining at pleasantry by the author as to call himself by turns captain, mate, steward, carpenter, and crew, to speak of a meal as the filling of the captain's hull, a dog-shaped brandy jug as a spirited animal, &c., are wearisome in the extreme. These blemishes can scarcely be said to be compensated for by a full account of the constitution of Heligoland, written with the liveliness of a county directory, or reflections upon the trying position which a young lady about to sing must occupy. We understand that the *Rob Roy* of the Baltic, as well as her predecessor of 1865, are to find a place in the approaching French Exhibition.

NEW NOVELS.*

THERE is always a charm about a story which gives us an insight into the inner life of the inhabitants of foreign countries, enabling us, in some measure, to think as they do, and for a time to feel as it were at home in a strange land. It is so much pleasanter to gain our own information during a stroll through the realm of romance, than to have it thrust upon us in the school or lecture-room by even the most erudite of pedagogues. Next to a residence in a country, an acquaintance with its novels—at least with those in which the scene is laid at home—is the best

* Nøbbebo Parsonage. A Story of Country Life in Denmark. By Henrik Scharling. From the Danish. By the translator of "The Guardian." Two vols. London: Bentley.

The Clives of Burcot. By Hesba Stretton. Three vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

Woodburn Grange. A Story of English Country Life. By William Howitt. Three vols. London: C. W. Wood.

May and her Friends. By E. M. B. With Illustrations by F. W. Lawson. London: Warne & Co.

* The *Rob Roy* in the Baltic. A Canoe Cruise through Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Slesvig Holstein, the North Sea, and the Baltic. By J. Macgregor, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Author of "A Thousand Miles in the *Rob Roy* Canoe." With numerous illustrations, maps, and music. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

means of obtaining a true idea of its characteristics; safer by far than the adoption of the crude impressions of stray travellers, infinitely more agreeable than a painful research among its blue-books. A debt of gratitude, therefore, is justly due to the translators of good local stories, especially as theirs is generally but a thankless task, involving much trouble and loss of time, causing but too often many fruitless travels among publishers, and ultimately bringing in but little glory and less substantial reward. We are inclined, therefore, to be grateful to the translator of "Nøddebo Parsonage" for the pains she has taken; for although the story has no great merit as a work of fiction, still it offers a series of very pleasant pictures of family life in Denmark, and it has that charm about it which a scene of tranquil happiness and calm content exerts. The parsonage of Nøddebo is a little low-roofed house, the white walls and chimneys of which peep modestly forth from amidst the sheltering foliage of mighty beech-trees. An avenue of lime-trees leads to the churchyard, in the centre of which stands the simple little church, and beyond lies the old-fashioned village, over the spiritual welfare of which the parson of Nøddebo watches. A little further on Roskilde Fiord stretches away towards the open sea; in summer, a shining mirror, dotted with gleaming sails; in winter, a sheet of ice, in which the moon and stars nightly twinkle reflected. The parson is a genial humorist, pious without being puritanical, and sufficiently learned although utterly devoid of pedantry. His wife is the impersonification of all housewifely virtues, and his daughters Emmy and Andrea Margerethé are charming girls, the former pale, with black hair, smoothly braided on each side over her pure white brow, and eyes of a dark-blue grey, in which is an unspeakable expression of tenderness and love; the latter all freshness, vivacity, and youth, with sparkling brown eyes, smooth chestnut hair, and a particularly charming smile. To their other merits the young ladies add that of having no brothers, so it would be difficult to conceive a more attractive house than theirs for a young Copenhagen student. Thither the relater of the story goes to spend his Christmas vacation one winter, being taken there by his two elder brothers, students also like himself. He immediately falls in love with both the daughters, wavering long as to which he shall select as his bride, and not discovering till nearly the end of his visit that they are his destined sisters-in-law. There are very few incidents in the story, and no adventures at all beyond a harmless upsetting in the snow while out sledging, and the brief imprisonment one evening of the hero and one of the young ladies in the hen-house. But so quiet an air seems to hang around the peaceful parsonage, and the lives of its inhabitants appear so happy and contented, that the record of their tranquil existence contrasts pleasantly with the strife and bustle of the actual world in which we live; and above all, the girls speak so frankly, and behave with such unaffected grace and goodness, that it is a pleasure to have made their acquaintance. Denmark must be a charming country to travel in, if all its parsonages have a tithe of the attractions of which that of Nøddebo can boast.

The heroine of "The Clives of Burcot" is a very sentimental and self-conscious young lady who is brought up by a step-father, Mr. Billington, a gambler and a blackleg. While at Dublin she makes the acquaintance of a Mr. Edward Clive, a young officer who is always addressed in society, for some inscrutable reasons, as Lieutenant Clive, who possesses the—to most readers—sufficiently well-known characteristics of bright, *débonnaire* beauty, with all its youthful colour and soft curves; fair curls lying back from his forehead; radiant, tender, wistful eyes; delicate, ideal grace; small, rich, pulpy lips, and so forth. Naturally enough, with all these angelic graces outside, the heart within is of a very unsatisfactory kind, and we are not surprised at his attempting to delude the unguarded Rhoda by a mock marriage, and afterwards indulging at times in "a howl of anguish," under the impression that he has committed the unpardonable sin. Fortunately for his wife, he and she are wrecked together in an ill-fated steamer, and he, after "glaring in helpless frenzy," gets drowned. The young widow is taken home by her late husband's elder brother, Bruin Clive, to the great disgust of his aunt and housekeeper, Mrs. Ashworth, a lady of strong passions, and also of strong features, the muscles of which are given to work and quiver, while the veins in her forehead swell into purple knots, and the pupils of her hollow eyes dilate with a passion which can find no words in which to vent itself—altogether a very disagreeable old woman. Bruin Clive naturally falls desperately in love with his pretty sister-in-law, and so does one of her cousins, a Captain Vigors, who seems, she naively remarks, to show her something more than merely cousinly affection. This is after he had flung his arms around her one day while Bruin Clive was ill. "Don't listen, love," he said, laying his hands upon my ears, and drawing my head down to rest upon his shoulders; "My darling, I am here. Be quiet; I will take care of you." But she is wrapped up in her love for her child Dora, and does not much heed her admirer's sayings and doings until Mr. Clive becomes very ill, and then she feels how great his loss would be to her. At last he makes a half proposal, and she accepts him, and instantly runs off to fetch her child and bring it to him. When she returns he has vanished, and the next she hears of him is that he has gone abroad, and intends to stay away three years. Evidently, a deep mystery surrounds the man, one which gradually becomes cleared up, but the explanation of which we are not called upon to give here. Rhoda Clive goes on leading a quiet and not discontented life for some time, but one day her little girl disappears, and she is forced to believe the child has been drowned. Then her

existence becomes wretched, and Bruin Clive returns home to comfort her. It is arranged that she is to marry him, when one night she is called to attend a deathbed, and the secret which has so long weighed upon Mr. Clive's mind is revealed to her. She declares at once she cannot now marry him, and a somewhat powerful scene ensues between the now divided pair. By way of consolation the news comes to her that her child still lives, having been stolen by her disreputable stepfather, and she is enabled to recover her. Then, in her happiness, she begins to relent towards Mr. Clive, and when a legal gentleman, whose law by the way seems to have been rather shaky, comes and tells her that if she does not marry him at once she will be unable to do so, for a law will soon be passed forbidding a man to marry his brother's widow, she rushes off in a hurry, prepared to marry him at a moment's notice. After this all naturally goes well. There is promise in the book, if it does not contain much actual merit. The author is evidently well qualified to analyze her own sensations and to describe her thoughts and feelings. She is able to form an idea also as to what would be the state of her mind under certain circumstances, and she can therefore contrive to give a tolerable air of reality to the words in which her heroine embodies her experiences. But there is little trace in her book of that dramatic insight which enables a writer of genius to lay bare the hearts of all conditions of men and women. The men in "The Clives of Burcot" are almost all unreal from first to last. There is scarcely a spark of vitality about Edward, or Bruin Clive, or Captain Vigors. Old Simeon Ford, the pious collier, has more animation, and Mr. Mitchell, an inquisitive clergyman, who is always prying about in dark corners, and never rests until he has ferreted out Bruin Clive's secret, is really sketched in a manner deserving of praise. Mr. Billington's portrait is not entirely without merit, but it is exaggerated into a caricature. Miss Stretton evidently is not devoid of talent, but she shows a decided want of experience. Time, however, may supply that deficiency, in which case we may perhaps hope to receive a really vigorous work from her pen.

There is not much plot in Mr. Howitt's story of "Woodburn Grange," but it presents a series of pictures of English country life, many of which possess a tranquil beauty which is very attractive. The principal incident is a murder, the perpetrators of which remain for a long time undiscovered, while suspicion falls upon an innocent man. Fortunately, however, for the vindication of justice, a medical man of great intelligence, who happens at the time to be thousands of miles away, in the most unexpected manner dreams a dream in which he sees the crime committed, and is thereby able to give so minute an account of the criminals that they are speedily arrested and punished. With the exception of the sensational interruption caused by this murder, the stream of the narrative flows tranquilly on from first to last. The scene is laid among the meadows of Nottinghamshire, by the side of the smoothly-gliding Trent, and very picturesque are many of the descriptions given by Mr. Howitt of the woods and pastures he knows so well. The story traces the fortunes of two representative men—one, the last of his line, the other the first. The one is Sir Roger Rockville, a baronet of ancient lineage, and a Tory of the most retrograde tendencies, who becomes involved in an endless feud with the people of the manufacturing town which has sprung up within sight of his feudal mansion. The other is a millionaire who began life as a penniless orphan, and whose ancestors had for generations back been paupers around Sir Rogers's gates. Gifted with energy and ability, he gradually rises in the world, gaining during his progress the esteem of all his neighbours, except the landed gentry, against whom he is bold enough to wage war on many occasions as the protector of the poor. Eventually Sir Roger gets knocked on the head in a squabble with poachers, and Simon Degge, the man of the people, buys his property and reigns in his stead. The baronet's follies are somewhat exaggerated, and so, perhaps, are the good qualities of the trader with whom he is contrasted, but there is a good deal of shrewdness and some humour in the description of each of them. Of the baronet's friends we hear little, and nothing that is not to their disadvantage, but Mr. Degge's circle of acquaintance affords the subjects of a pleasant collection of sketches. Most attractive and least commonplace among them are the members of the Society of Friends, of whom Mr. Howitt is able to speak from experience, and of whose quiet life and kindly manners he has made several studies, some of which are very charming. The description of the visit paid by the staid young quakeress, Millicent Heritage, at the house of some rich and somewhat worldly members of the connection in London, is very interesting, and the portrait that is drawn of her mother is a very agreeable one, and possesses all the characteristics of a study from life. There is, indeed, an air of individuality about several of the personages who figure in the book, which leads us to conclude that, in sketching them, Mr. Howitt has rather drawn upon his memory than his imagination. On the whole, "Woodburn Grange" is a pleasant book, full of kindly feeling, and rich in illustrations of the quiet beauty of Midland scenery.

The story of "May and her Friends" is written "for the beneficial amusement of girls," and its writer "has kept in mind her conviction that those who write for the amusement or instruction of others, and especially those whose literary productions are intended for young people, take upon themselves a serious responsibility." There certainly appears to be nothing in her book which can weigh upon her conscience, for it is full of the most moral axioms, all the good people in it meet with more or less reward, and its heroine mixes in the best society, being the heiress of a baronet and eventually the bride of a peer.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEWS.

A LONG essay on "The Foreign Policy of Sir John Lawrence" opens the new number of the *Edinburgh*. It runs to nearly fifty pages, but is a very interesting summary of recent Indian history, and, in the conclusions at which it arrives, expresses, we believe, the feeling generally entertained in England with regard to the policy of this country in connection with its vast Eastern dependency. The writer is of opinion that Sir John Lawrence has done wisely in showing, since his appointment to the Governor-Generalship, "a masterly inactivity" as regards foreign affairs. The views of those who advocate an advance into Afghanistan, as a means of anticipating and warding off the approaches of Russia, are condemned, and an opinion is expressed that there is no great probability, during the next half century, "of Russia's penetrating south of the Hindoo Khoosh, either in warlike or peaceful guise." The difficulties and dangers attending such a project are pointed out, and it is suggested that the great Northern Power is more likely to advance on China from the seaboard, and from the line of the Amoor. Finally, the reviewer says:—

"We do not shrink from the conclusion to which these arguments all point. We believe that with respect to Central Asia the Indian Government can do no wiser thing than fold its hands and sit still. By all means let it obtain information, detailed and accurate, regarding the course of events beyond the mountains; but let no decisive action of any kind be taken until England can see more clearly what there is that she should do. The materials are not wanting for the formation of an effective intelligence department. There is the news-writer at Cabul, whose diaries, on the whole, give a faithful picture of all that passes in Afghanistan; and, as regards tidings from the other States of Central Asia, there are Punjabe merchants and travellers, whose somewhat hyperbolic accounts can from time to time be checked by the despatch of specially-selected scouts. Presuming that Sir John Lawrence must have already pressed these sources of information into his service, we think there is nothing more at present to be done. We would be quiet now, in order that we may act with greater vigour when the time for action comes. Every day of peace and economy that India enjoys strengthens our moral and material hold on the country; and England may be congratulated that Sir John Lawrence has clung to this truth through good report and evil report."

The next article is an account of Adam Ferguson, a Scotch writer on moral philosophy of the last century, who lived some years into the present, and died at upwards of ninety, a typical specimen of the literary Scotchman of old times. From the paper on "The Private Business of Parliament," we learn that, for the ten years preceding the railway mania—1835 to 1845—the number of private bills annually passed varied from 120 to 150; that in 1846 the number rose to 404; that in 1849 it had reverted to the former level, and was 132; that since then it has gradually increased, and that last session the number of private bills submitted for the approbation of Parliament was 648, of which 377 became law, while even this was exceeded in the previous year, when 392 private acts received the Royal sanction. The review of Rawlinson's "Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World" severely condemns the theories of the author with regard to the religion, history, and general civilization of the ancient Mesopotamians, and denies that the decipherment of the cuneiform inscriptions is a thing actually accomplished. "Modern Glass-painting" is a very agreeable paper on a very fascinating subject. It relates what has recently been done in the production of stained glass windows for religious and other edifices, and shows how the revived love of decoration and symbolism in the Church has led to a great improvement in this beautiful art, though we have yet to equal, in a different manner, the achievements of the middle ages. The article on "Tenant Compensation in Ireland" is written in a liberal spirit, and we cannot do better than quote its concluding paragraph:—

"Unconvinced by the reiterated opinions of impartial observers, there are still many in Ireland who habitually speak of the tenant-right agitation as a sham. Such persons affirm that a large majority of the small farmers have not got the means, or the intelligence, or the industry—even were they made-owners in fee of the farms they now hold as yearly tenants—to set about making such improvements as those contemplated by any Tenant Compensation Bill ever yet proposed. They point, on the one side, to the 300,000 families living on farms of less than fifteen acres, and whom platform orators represent as only requiring security for improvements to turn those farms into gardens; and, on the other, they quote the evidence of the popular witnesses before the Committee of 1865, who agreed in fixing the limit of from fifteen to twenty acres as the least extent of land on which it was possible for a family to live in comfort—or which it would be reasonable to expect a landlord to let on lease. They point to the disastrous effects of long leases in the past in causing interminable subdivision under middlemen, and thus creating a dense population of paupers to be a prey to the famine which starved them by thousands in 1846. They quote innumerable existing instances of leases for ever or freeholds at nominal rents where the lessees or the freeholders are only to be distinguished from their neighbours by a more than ordinary poverty and absence of improvement. They call the popular demand for security from spoliation a 'priests' agitation,' and they quote the authority of Mr. Lowe to prove that 'it is the interest of the Irish priesthood to have the land subdivided.' They describe the progressing emigration as a healthful blood-letting rather than an exhausting hemorrhage, and maintain that—whether it be the one or the other—it is entirely uninflected by the land question. Such as these are the opinions openly expressed by the great body of the Irish gentry, by their organs in the press, and by most of their chosen representatives in Parliament. But allowing that the expecta-

tions of those demanding legislation in the tenants' behalf to be exaggerated—allowing that there may be a foundation for at least some of the opinions which we have just quoted—there still remain uncontroverted the following facts. That the Irish people are seriously discontented. That they themselves attribute their discontent in great measure to the existing relations between landlord and tenant. That every statesman of any eminence who has lived within the last twenty years has at one time or another admitted the necessity of legislation, while the evil they have all acknowledged still remains practically unabated. And that the progressing emigration from Ireland—be it economically speaking an evil or a good—is assuredly strengthening day by day the anti-British feeling in a very powerful neighbouring State, already not too friendly to England or the English."

"English Texts" is a paper on the publications of the English Text Society (twenty-one in number), which afford matter for much literary and antiquarian disquisition, pleasantly ranging from the Arthurian legends to the writings of Lyndesay and the other fore-runners of the Elizabethan age. A very interesting article on "Meteoric Showers" next succeeds. It is evidently written by a scientific man, who made his observations of the November display from a favourable position in Scotland, where the meteors were seen with great brilliance. He thus sums up our knowledge of the nature of these singular bodies:—

"When the levity of cometary matter is considered—which Sir John Herschel describes (by its effect in not dimming the light of certain feeble stars) as lighter than the lightest haze—it is not to be wondered at that, in the words of M. Quetelet, 'no person has yet been able to handle the material of a shooting-star.' Certain astronomical distinctions exist between aërolites and the class of periodical shooting-stars, which appear to reduce, if not entirely to remove, the contingent possibility of the event. Out of the large number of authentic aërolites preserved in mineralogical collections, two only—one on the 10th of August, and one on the 13th of November—are recorded to have fallen on star-shower dates. On the other hand, five or six meteorites, on the epoch of the 13th-14th of October, belong to a date when star-showers, so far as is at present known, do not make their appearance. Meteorites, moreover, with very rare exceptions, fall in the afternoon; but the time of the greatest frequency of shooting-stars is in the morning hours of the day, before dawn. On these grounds a distinction is drawn between shower-meteors and aërolites, and the former are termed by Professor Newton 'Meteoroids,' while Professor Brayley includes both, or rather the bodies which become shower-meteors and aërolites, under the designation of 'Meteoritic masses.' Meteoroids, Professor Newton suggests, cannot be regarded as the fragments of former worlds, but may rather be described as the materials from which new worlds are forming. Mr. Brayley inclines, in the same manner, to suppose that 'the earth was originally produced by the aggregation and coalescence of meteorites, or of greater masses into which these had previously coalesced.'

"Both shower-meteors and aërolites, it may be, are gradually consolidating into larger bodies by collision, yet nothing, it is thought, will cause the meteors of the 14th of November to precipitate themselves in the form of stones upon the earth. Either from their inflammable nature, their specific lightness, or loose texture, their power of penetrating the atmosphere appears to be extremely small, notwithstanding their unusually large size and brightness. Upwards of seventy meteors of the November Shower observed at Newhaven, and at other places, in the United States of America in 1863, were found to be fifteen miles higher than the level of ordinary shooting-stars, the result suggesting to Professor Newton that the shooting-stars of the 14th of November consist of more inflammable materials than those of other meteoric showers. No apprehension need accordingly be entertained, that the atmosphere would not prove a perfect shield, in the event of the return of the shower, to check their penetration, and to keep them at a safe distance from the sphere of human habitations."

The political essay at the close of the number—"Position and Prospects of Parties"—is chiefly remarkable for the hint which it contains, that Mr. Gladstone should give up the lead of the Liberal party in the House of Commons to some one more likely to conciliate the Liberal ranks: a suggestion which has already been sufficiently criticised to be now allowed to pass.

The article on "Charles Lamb," with which the *Quarterly* opens, contains little more than a *résumé* of the books which the writer undertakes to review. Occasionally, however, he manages to drop a little political asperity on what should be purely a subject of literary interest. "The Cholera Conference" is an able and intelligent paper, giving an historical account of the ravages of the disease, and mentioning some curious statistics in connection with it. "Books of Fiction for Children" is one of those laborious trifles with which a solemn *Quarterly* occasionally refreshes itself. We find, however, some wisdom as well as wit in this contribution, and it is not so trifling as would be conjectured from its title. The following extract, though rather in a vein of "fine writing," displays the spirit of eloquence:—

"Step by step, we are drawn nearer and yet nearer to Him, as we learn more truly to understand the laws of wisdom and goodness by which He rules the earth; and as we find trace of Him in the silent depths of the earth, in the billows of the stormy sea, in the immeasurable expanse of the wide air, under the golden glory of the sun, or among the starry watches of the night, so all, both young men and maidens, old men and children, kings of the earth and all people, princes and all judges, are led to join more deeply in the mighty hymn of praise ever ascending from the earth, and all deeps; from beasts and all cattle, creeping things and flying fowl, wherein the mountains and hills shout one to another that His name alone is excellent, and His glory above earth and heaven. In this glorious

hymn, 'with speechless voice of light' even the stars join, proclaiming to us from the depths of space the existence of innumerable other worlds, which, like our own, share the Creator's care. Silently they tell of distances, magnitudes, and velocities which transcend man's power to conceive. With mute argument they prove that even in those far-off regions, gravitation—the power that brings the apple to the ground—still reigns supreme; suggesting that, possibly, like our own bountiful sun, they bathe attendant worlds with rosy light, deck them with radiant beauty, and shower countless blessings on myriads of other beings. The author of 'Benedicite' has spent time, thought, and care in showing us the full meaning and beauty of this universal pæan, how its separate parts blend in one great flood of harmony, how each secret law of nature throughout creation adds to the melody, for the good and happiness of man and the glory of the Creator; and his glowing pages will attract and reward many readers. Such books raise and ennoble the mind of the reader by familiarizing 'it with the wonders of the earth and heavens, and imbuing his whole spirit with the glory of the architect, by whose Almighty word they were called into existence,' stirring up responsive adoration in his heart, and symbolizing to him the infinite wisdom and power of God."

"Crime in the State of New York" gives an unpleasant picture of the present condition of that city. The writer evidently strains to bring a moral from the facts in accordance with the high party feeling of this periodical. He cautions us against "making organic changes," because the war in America, and other distinctly traceable causes, have brought about many social perplexities in that country. The article, however, apart from its colour, is very readable and interesting. "The Week's Republic in Palermo" throws light on an event of some importance, the true story of which has seemed altogether to escape our newspapers. "Game and the Game Laws" indicates considerable diligence in finding special pleas for bad arguments. "Ultra-Ritualism" touches a question of great current import. "Yankee Humour" is entertaining and smart, and in it we are treated to an agreeable collection of new jokes from various American sources. "English Democracy and Irish Fenianism" concludes the number, which is of more than average merit and variety.

The *Westminster* is very martial in its opening article, which is on "The Battle of Sadova, and Military Organization," and in which, after a description of the military systems prevailing in Austria and Prussia, the writer makes various suggestions for the improved administration of our own army. In the next article, Sir Alexander Grant's edition of the "Ethics" of Aristotle is described as valuable in many respects, but as not complete or exhaustive, and scarcely up to the standard of excellence to be expected from so eminent a scholar. The succeeding paper is entitled "The Ladies' Petition," and refers to the petition for feminine rights presented to the House of Commons by Mr. J. Stuart Mill on the 7th of June, 1866. The reviewer is in favour of extending the suffrage to women—a very important question, which is here ably argued from the affirmative side; but we cannot, in the brief space at our command, follow the writer through the intricacies of such a discussion. "Winckelmann" forms the subject of a critical essay, in which a curious account is given of that singular and eccentric critic on art, and some thoughtful remarks are made on the theory of beauty in connection with painting, sculpture, poetry, &c. "Irish University Education" is a plea for an extension of the principle of anti-sectarian education in the sister island, and for throwing open the honours and endowments of Trinity College, Dublin, to all creeds and classes. A paper on the life and writings of Edmund Spenser follows, and furnishes a fair idea of one of our greatest classics, though the criticism might have been of a profounder depth and larger scope, and too much space is given to general remarks on English history. "Social Reform in England" is a review of the work bearing that name written in French by the late M. Davésies de Pontés, and translated into English by his widow; and the political article on "Reform and Reformers" glances at the recent progress of the great question of the day, and strikes a hopeful note in the words—"It is gratifying to think that the ultimate triumph of the good cause is assured. The country is thoroughly aroused; procrastination has ceased to be a possible policy. The permission of the men who once had it in their power to deny or concede reform, needs no longer be asked."

The *British Quarterly* opens with a review of Mr. Froude's "History of England," which is highly commended on the whole, though with some drawbacks; and this is followed by an article on "The Chinese Classics," viz., Confucius, Mencius, &c., which contains a great deal of interesting matter on a subject little known to Western readers. "Ritualism, Past and Present," is, of course, strongly opposed to the High Church movements of the day, as might be expected of a Nonconformist publication; and a suggestion is thrown out that legislative interference may be necessary. "Shakespeare in Domestic Life" traces the biography of our chief of poets in connection with the mysterious and much-debated Sonnets, and with Mr. Gerald Massey's theories on the same, with which the reviewer does not entirely agree. In the paper on the "Life and Correspondence of Richard Whately, D.D.," the career and teachings of the deceased prelate are intelligently sketched, and some very impartial remarks are made on his theological opinions, and his character as a churchman. The criticism on "George Eliot" is highly laudatory of that novelist's genius, though it concludes with a regret that her writings should betray a want of Christian belief. The article on "The United States since the War" is, for the most part, in favour of the course pursued by Congress with reference to the rebellious States. "Bishop Cotton:

In Memoriam" is a tribute to the virtues of the late Bishop of Calcutta, who was drowned in the Ganges a few months ago; and the final article, on "Reform," exhorts the Conservatives to bring in a genuine Reform Bill, which shall give the working classes their fair share in the representation of the country—a course the present Government seems anything but inclined to follow.

The *Dublin Review* is chiefly theological in its contents, and we must therefore content ourselves with commending it to the religious body it represents.

SHORT NOTICES.

Three Hundred Æsop's Fables. Literally translated from the Greek by the Rev. George Fyler Townsend, M.A. With One Hundred and Fourteen Illustrations, designed by Harrison Weir, and engraved by James Greenaway. (Routledge & Sons.)—It is about a year ago since the Rev. Mr. Townsend superintended a republication, with some omissions, and with new morals and applications, of the old translation of Æsop made in 1722 by Archdeacon Croxall, and since then regarded as the standard version. We noticed this edition (which was from the establishment of Messrs. Warne & Co.) in our impression of February 17th, 1866; and since then Mr. Townsend has been persuaded by his present publishers to make an entirely new translation, which he hopes will be found more in accordance with the spirit of the ancient Greek. To the stories already so well known he has added one hundred others which will be new to the public; and the whole are adorned by the pencil of Harrison Weir, whose knowledge of animal life, and skill in the delineation of wild creatures of the earth and air, specially qualify him for an illustrator of the old Phrygian fabulist. His sketches in the present volume are full of grace and spirit, and they greatly enhance the attractions of the work. It was a mistake, however, in those subjects which include human beings, to represent them clad in the costume of the present day. The translator prides himself on having preserved, as far as possible, the Attic salt of the original; but some of Mr. Weir's illustrations go far towards contradicting the feeling thus engendered. This, however, is necessarily not the case in the pictures of animal life, which, after all, are by far the most numerous. Mr. Townsend's version is spirited and agreeable; and the book altogether addresses itself with equal force to young and old.

The Three Little Friends. Twenty Pictures by Oscar Pletsch. With Descriptions by L. V.—*Little Folks.* Twenty Characteristic Pictures by Oscar Pletsch. With Poetical Translations by L. V. (Warne & Co.)—*Child's Play.* By E. V. B. (Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.)—We do not know who Mr. Oscar Pletsch is, except that we infer from his name that he is a German; but this we must say of him—that he has a most exact eye for the characteristics of childhood, and a most skilful pencil in reproducing what he has observed. The two little books now before us are admirable for their truth and humour, and for the tender and loving spirit which informs them. They will be favourites in many a nursery, and we shall be greatly disappointed if the elder ones do not rejoice in them also.—The coloured sketches of "E. V. B." are full of fancy, poetry, and grace. They seem to have been brought out of some fair, mystical land of dream; and such pictures as "Little Boy Blue," "Lady-Cow," "Tom Ticker," "The Little Pipers," &c., have about them an ethereal and visionary brightness, as of the morning of the world. Blake would have appreciated them; and indeed we regard them as better fitted for adults than for young ones. The latter might be oppressed by a something mysterious—almost ghostly—in their beauty.

The Edda of Sæmund the Learned. From the Old Norse, or Icelandic. With an Index of Persons and Places. Part II. (Trübner & Co.)—The First Part of this translation of Sæmund's "Edda" was noticed by us in the *LONDON REVIEW* of February 17, 1866. It was not then announced who the translator was; and the little volume having been printed in Saxony, though published in London, we were in doubt whether we owed its production to a German or an Englishman. The preface to this second part, however, is signed with the name of the translator, who proves to be one of the most competent Scandinavian scholars our country possesses—viz., Mr. Benjamin Thorpe. This fact undoubtedly gives additional interest and value to the work. The Second Part consists of the Heroic division of the poem, as the previous section did of the Mythological. It is a singular piece of wild Northern savagery, not without attraction in itself, and really important as an illustration of the ways of our remote ancestors; and Mr. Thorpe has thoroughly caught the old Norse spirit and manner. To our modern ears, the measured, semi-rhythmical prose in which it is written is a little monotonous; but this is true to the original, and therefore to be commended. An "Index of Persons and Places" concludes the volume, and assists the reader in his perusal of the poem.

Shakespeare Illustrated by Old Authors. By William Lowes Rushton. Part I. (Longmans & Co.)—Mr. Rushton brings a considerable amount of scholarship and research to bear on the text. Whatever our views may be as to the utility of these literary illustrations, we have no hesitation in praising the ability and spirit with which they have been undertaken. We shall be glad to follow the second part, and review the whole more at length when concluded.

The Poetical Works of Lord Byron. Complete. New Edition, the Text carefully Revised. (John Murray.)—This edition is a marvel of cheapness. Byron can now scarcely be called a popular poet; but as a standard, and the representative of a school, "Childe Harold" still holds a high place. The type of the "pearl edition" is beautifully clear and distinct, the poems are carefully revised, the notes are all given, and we can scarcely say too much to encourage the enterprise that has placed within everybody's reach that which, not many years since, was accessible only to a few.

Proverbial Philosophy. The First and Second Series. By Martin F. Tupper, M.A., &c. Illustrated. A New Edition. (Moxon & Co.)—

This illustrated edition of the much-read Tupper is, we believe, not issued now for the first time. We seem to be familiar with the sketches by Tenniel, Noel Humphreys, Gilbert, Dalziel, Birket Foster, Cope, Horsley, Corbould, Duncan, Severn, and Mr. Tupper himself (who, by the way, draws with a great deal of pictorial effect), which profusely and richly adorn its pages. But there is a new frontispiece by M. Gustave Doré, which is certainly the poorest production of that gentleman's pencil we have ever seen. On the whole, however, the volume is a very sumptuous one.

The Life of a Salmon. (Day & Son.)—This fish has been fleshified by some gentleman of no ordinary experience in the ways of salmon, and has been induced to write an autobiography of uncommon interest. He literally begins at the egg, describes himself when in embryo, and enlarges on each stage of his proportions, until he reaches the full size and weight of a river monarch. His adventures are related with a humour which evinces a rare practical knowledge on the part of the editor, who seems to be just the sort of person to borrow a fly from when one's book was thoroughly exhausted.

A Girl at a Railway Junction's Reply, by Lyulph (Kennett), is a *jeu de esprit* which has sprung out of Mr. Dickens' Christmas supplement. It is smartly written, ingeniously conceived, and is amusing without being vulgar. "Grease" who stands for "Lamps" in the original Junction, is not altogether unworthy of his distinguished relative.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MR. CHARLES RIEU, Professor of Persian in University College, has been appointed to the post of Keeper of the Oriental Manuscripts in the British Museum. Another appointment recently made is that of Mr. R. H. Major to the office of Keeper of the Maps and Charts. The former gentleman is one of our best Orientalists; the latter is well known as an authority in geography and the theory of navigation.

The *Athenæum* reports that "the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have determined to form a museum for the exhibition of such articles as will tend to illustrate the Bible. The Science and Art Department have undertaken to provide space for this purpose at South Kensington. The authorities of the British Museum have promised to afford the committee every facility in their power, and the owners of valuable private collections have also offered their assistance. The following subjects will be embraced in the museum: 1. Sacred Antiquities—the tabernacle, the temple, altars and sacrifices, dress and insignia of priests, worship of false gods and idols. 2. Domestic Antiquities—manners and customs of the ancient Israelites, Egyptians, Assyrians, &c.; their dwellings, trades, manufactures, agricultural and domestic pursuits, amusements, arts, and sciences, literature, music, dress, food, pageants, funeral rites and sepulchres. 3. Political Antiquities—insignia of kings, rulers, and officers of state; laws, trials, and punishments; military and naval tactics, engines and weapons of war, battles and sieges, commerce, ships. 4. Geography of Bible Lands—historical and physical. 5. Natural History—including geology of Palestine and Sinai. The above subjects will be illustrated by the exhibition of antiquities, articles in present use in Eastern countries, sculptures, casts, models, coins, photographs, pictures, sketches, plans, maps, surveys, and collections of animal, vegetable, and mineral products."

M. Louis Blanc has brought an action in one of the French law courts against Count Louis de Cambacerès, formerly a deputy of the Aisne, for the balance due to him on the purchase-money of his "History of the French Revolution." The sale was effected in 1865, and M. Leprince, the publisher, was the purchaser. He undertook to give 60,000 francs for the right of publication for three years, and the Count guaranteed the payment. M. Leprince, however, is now in difficulties, and M. Louis Blanc accordingly looks to his surety. The defence was that the young Count was incapable of managing his own affairs; but the court held that the contract was binding, and decreed that the elder Count, father of Count Louis, must pay M. Louis Blanc 40,000 francs remaining due on the contract, and 20,000 francs damages.

In the June of last year, we reviewed a work by Mr. L. Owen Pike on "The Origin of the English," in which he contended that the people of this country are mainly of British rather than Anglo-Saxon lineage. The same book was very severely handled in the October number of the *Westminster Review*; and the author now retorts with a pamphlet consisting of the reprint of a letter of his to the *Anthropological Review*, in which he makes mince-meat of the reviewer's bad writing, and shows that in some respects he has misrepresented the work with which he was dealing. The pamphlet is smartly written; but it would have been better if Mr. Pike had also addressed himself to the arguments of the reviewer.

One of the latest developments of the organized attempt to find money-getting employments for women has been the establishment of a photographic studio in connection with the Alexandra Press, in Great Cornam-street, under the management of Mr. W. R. Holyoake, who has issued a very taking specimen of the work produced under his superintendence, in the form of a series of portraits of dramatic authors, actors, and actresses, and bearing the *à propos* title of "The Golden Series," each portrait being elegantly mounted on a ground of dull or mat gold—a treatment which gives both softness and brilliancy to the photographic picture. The likenesses, twelve in number, are all excellent examples of photographic portraiture, and speak well for the artistic and technical skill of the manipulator.

The *New York Nation* has some remarks on the quarrels of American publishers in connection with the reissue of English works. "An international copyright law," it says, "would have at least the good effect of diminishing the wrangling among American reprinters over English books. There are some two or three small firms that always republish in a cheap form a popular book, in violation of the moral rights of those who have paid the author for advanced sheets, and have first printed it. It is complained now that Messrs. Harper

Brothers have again used their great resources to endeavour to crush a minor rival. Messrs. Littell, Son, & Co., of Boston, published in the *Living Age*, as serials, 'Miss Majoribanks,' 'Sir Brook Fossbrooke,' and 'Madonna Mary,' with the expressed intention of issuing them afterwards in book form. Whether they had paid for them we do not know, but by the courtesy of the trade they were entitled to them by priority. Just before the concluding numbers were published, the house just mentioned published the whole in book form at much less than the usual rates. Taking warning by the two earlier novels, Messrs. Littell, Son, & Co. offered Messrs. Harper Brothers their stereotype plates of 'Madonna Mary' at manufacturers' prices. They preferred, however, to refuse that offer, thus depriving Messrs. Littell, Son, & Co. of even that slight chance of profit."

Prior Park, near Bath, originally built by Ralph Allen, the "Squire Allworthy" of Fielding's "Tom Jones," and frequented by Pope, who wrote the "Essay on Man" in its grounds, is about to be purchased by the Roman Catholics, for some purpose which is not yet explained. Some time ago, it was a Roman Catholic college; but the teaching was considered too liberal, and about twelve years past it was broken up. Since then it has been occupied as a private residence; and the Duchess of Leeds and Lady Herbert of Lea—both converts to Papacy—have now given £10,000 each towards purchasing it.

The *Morning Star* having in its leading columns spoken of the *Westminster Gazette* as being under the direction of Archbishop Manning—a belief certainly very generally entertained—his Grace has written to the editor, to state that he is not in any way connected with the new journal, and that a certain article attributed to him he had not even read, nor did he know who was the author.

California has a rather large Chinese population, and the Celestials there seem desirous of distinguishing themselves in journalism. We read in the daily papers:—"On the 1st of January was to be published at San Francisco the first monthly number of the *California China Mail and Flying Dragon*, printed in the English and Chinese languages. The first Chinese printing and job business was about to be established in San Francisco by means of several complete founts of Chinese type, and a number of Chinese compositors were to be introduced from China."

The *Glowworm* says that Mr. Tennyson is about to leave the Isle of Wight, and take up his residence in the metropolis, solely on account of the manner in which he is disturbed by the "lion-hunters" of the island. The writer of "Table Talk" in the *Guardian* records that the Laureate is hard at work on a poem, longer and on a grander scale than his last, and that the house at Hampstead, near the Heath and the Militia Barracks, so long tenanted by the mother and sister of the poet, and where he himself was often a visitor, is about to be let in "apartments, furnished and unfurnished."

Our literary contemporary, the *Reader*, has come to a termination, after a very agitated and unhappy life. Its last number was signaled by a strange blunder in a review of Dr. Latham's new edition of Johnson's Dictionary, where Johnson's preface was spoken of as the modern editor's, and denounced for presumption, boastfulness, and worthlessness, while the disappearance of Johnson's admirable writing is lamented!

Sir William Snow Harris, F.R.S., well known as the inventor of the only safe kind of lightning-conductor, died a few days ago, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. He was born at Plymouth, was partly educated at the University of Edinburgh for the medical profession, and was knighted in 1847. He was the author of some scientific works of great value.

Mr. Joseph Guy, whose school books on geography, history, and various branches of science, have long been known and appreciated, died on Saturday morning, at the age of eighty-three.

Mr. Thomas Wright, F.S.A., has nearly ready for publication his long-expected work on the Antiquities of Uriconium (Wroxeter), the site of which has been carefully, though as yet only partially, excavated under his directions. It is understood that his account of the discoveries made upon this interesting site will throw much new light upon our previous knowledge of the Roman occupation of Britain, and on the condition, manners, and feelings of the Roman population.

We are promised on the 1st of March a new monthly, to be called *The Churchman's Shilling Magazine*. The editor will be the Rev. R. H. Baynes, editor of "Lyra Anglicana," &c.

Professor De Morgan has formally announced his intention of resigning the Professorship of Mathematics in University College.

M. Victor Cousin has left his library, valued at £8,000, to the Sorbonne.

It is believed in Paris that M. Jules Simon will be a candidate for the academical chair left vacant by the death of M. Cousin.

Professor Goldwin Smith delivered the second of his lectures on English political history, on Monday evening, at Manchester. The subject was "Oliver Cromwell." Lord Amberley, M.P., was in the chair, and the lecture was listened to with much interest.

Mr. John Stuart Mill, M.P., will deliver his inaugural address as rector of St. Andrew's University on Friday, February 1.

Mr. Thomas Carlyle intends to pass the remainder of the winter in Italy.

A collection of poems by the younger poets of America, edited by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, will shortly be issued in London.

Messrs. WIDDLETON, of New York, have nearly ready "Philip II.," by Charles Gayarré, to which Mr. Bancroft has written an introductory note, speaking highly of the work.

Messrs. CLARK & Co., of Chicago, announce as now in the press, and to be issued in a few weeks, "Patriotism of Illinois," Vol. II., completing the work.

The National Publishing Company, Philadelphia, announce for publication a work by the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, entitled "A History of the Late War between the States—Tracing its Origin, Causes, and Results."

LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Book (The) of Humorous Poetry. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
 Bridges (Rev. C.), Exposition of the 119th Psalm. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
 Byrne (O.), Dual Arithmetic. Part II. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Chepford People (The). 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.
 Chitty's Precedents in Pleading. 3rd edit. Part I. Royal 8vo., 20s.
 Ciceronis Epistolarum Delectus. By E. St. John Parry. 12mo., 6s.
 Clemency Franklyn. By Author of "Janet's Home." Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Cockton (H.), Sylvester Sound. New edit. 12mo., 2s.
 Colenso (Bp.), Shilling Arithmetic. 18mo., 1s.; or with Answers, 1s. 6d.
 Disraeli (Rt. Hon. B.), Speeches on Parliamentary Reform. 8vo., 12s.
 Dixon (W. H.), New America. 2 vols. 8vo., 30s.
 Dollinger (J. T.), The First Age of Christianity. 2nd edit. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 Dumas (A.), Memoirs of a Physician. Vol. I. Cheap edit. Fcap., 1s.
 Ecce Deus: Essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Epictetus, Works of. By T. W. Higginson. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Epigrams and Humorous Verses. By Rambling Richard. Fcap., 2s. 6d.
 Fichart (C. W. F.), Elementary German Grammar. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Harrison (J.), Whose are the Father's? 8vo., 16s.
 Herzheimer (S.), Key to Exercises in Method of Learning Hebrew. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Hooker's (Richard) Works. New edit. 2 vols. 8vo., 11s.
 Hudson (A.), Lectures on the Study of Fever. 8vo., 9s.
 Idalia: a Romance. By Ouida. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Indian Army List, January, 1867. 12mo., 6s.
 Joint Stock Company's Directory, 1867. 8vo., 21s.
 Jordan (W. L.), The Elements. Vol. II. Royal 8vo., 4s. 6d.
 Jones (T.), English System of Bookkeeping. Fcap., 2s.
 ——— (T. M.), Old Trinity: a Story. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Keene (H. G.), The Moghul Empire. 8vo., 9s.
 Kingsley (Rev. C.), Hereward the Wake. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Latham (F. L.), Law of Window Lights. Cr. 8vo., 10s.
 Leighton (A.), Romances of the Old Town of Edinburgh. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Life (The) of a Salmon. Cr. 8vo., 1s.
 Lover's Dictionary (The): a Poetical Treasury. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Lufton (W. M.), Arithmetic for Schools. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 Marshman (J. C.), History of India. Vols. I. and II. Cr. 8vo., 15s.
 Martin (F.), Commercial Hand Book of France. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Matthey (T.), German Literature and Readers. 12mo., 7s. 6d.
 Meredith (Owen), Poetical Works. Vol. I. Fcap., 6s.
 Mongan (J. R.), Practical Spelling Book. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 Montalembert (Count), The Monks of the West. Vol. III. 8vo., 10s. 6d.
 Murray (Mrs.), Lillian's Inheritance. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.
 Nichols (G. W.), The Sanctuary: a Tale. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Nimmo's Shilling Juvenile Books. 8 vols. 18mo., 1s. each.
 ——— Popular Tales. Vol. IX.—Too Late, &c. Fcap., 1s.
 Official Correspondence with Respect to the "Alabama." 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Oliphant (Mrs.), A Sin of the Soil. Cheap edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Orphan (The): a Comfort and Counsel to the Fatherless and Motherless. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Payne (J.), Select Poetry for Children. 15th edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Picture Book (The) of Elementary Ideas. Translated by Madame de Chatelain. 4to., 6s.
 Railway, Mining, and Insurance Almanack, 1867. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Robertson (J.), Daily Exercises in Arithmetic. 18mo., 1s. 6d.; and Key, 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 Roche (A.), English Prose and Poetry. Fcap., 4s. 6d.
 Royal Naval Song Book (The), with Music. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
 Sabine (R.), The Electric Telegraph. 8vo., 12s. 6d.
 St. Valentine's Pocket Book. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Schiller's Don Carlos. Translated by H. Egan. 12mo., 5s.
 Shanks (W. F. G.), Personal Recollections of Distinguished Generals. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Smith (Barnard), Key to Examination Papers in Arithmetic. 18mo., 4s. 6d.
 Spindrift. By J. Noel Paton. Fcap., 5s.
 Studies in Conduct. Essays from the *Saturday Review*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
 Thimm's Travellers Practical Manual of Conversation. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Van Laun (H.), French Grammar. 4th edit. 12mo., 4s.
 Watson (J. F.), Textile Manufactures and Costumes of the People of India. Imp. 4to., £3. 5s.
 Wheeler (C. B.), Taking the Consequences. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
 Who Wins? The Autobiography of Basil Carlingford. 3rd edit. Fcap., 1s. 6d.
 White (J. T.), Latin Parsing Book. 12mo., 2s.
 Wilberforce (Bishop), Agathos, and other Tales. 26th edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Wilkinson (Rev. G.), Pentecost: is the Revival the Wish of God? Cr. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
 Work for All, and other Tales. 4th edit. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
 Wood Demon (The), &c. Plays and Poems. Imp. 16mo., 6s.
 Yates (E.), The Forlorn Hope. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.

SCALE OF CHARGES FOR ADVERTISEMENTS.

	£.	s.	d.
Four Lines and under	0	2	6
Each additional Line	0	0	8
Whole Column	4	0	0
Page	7	7	0

Advertisements should be forwarded to the Office, 11, Southampton Street, Strand, not later than 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

CAPTAIN MAYNE REID will give an Entertainment, entitled "AN EVENING WITH THE POETS," at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday the 28th, the proceeds to be devoted to the relief of the Suffering Poor of the Metropolis. To commence at eight p.m. precisely. Tickets to be had and Seats secured at the Rooms.

GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON. Professor TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a course of Lectures on Geology on Friday, January 26, at 9 a.m. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday at the same hour. A shorter course will be given on Wednesday Evenings from 8 to 9. First Lecture, January 30. Text-book, Lyell's Elements of Geology. R. W. Jelf, D.D., Principal.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—JOSEPH GILLOTT, METALLIC PEN MAKER to the QUEEN, begs to inform the commercial world, scholastic institutions, and the public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled machinery for making steel pens, he has introduced a new series of his useful productions which, for excellence of temper, quality of material, and, above all, cheapness in price, must ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; they are put up in boxes containing one gross each, with label outside, and the facsimile of his signature.

Sold Retail by all Stationers and Booksellers. Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street, Birmingham; at 91, John-street, New York; and at 37, Gracechurch-street, London.

CRAMER'S GUINEA MUSICAL SUBSCRIPTION entitles Subscribers to select and retain as their own property FIVE GUINEAS' WORTH of their SHEET MUSIC calculated at the marked price.—Prospectuses can be had, or forwarded on application.

CRAMER & Co. (Limited), 201, Regent-street, London, W.

N.B.—Schools are requested to apply for C. & Co.'s Private Circular.

LIFE ASSURANCE.—The Accumulated and Invested Funds of the STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY and its Annual Revenue now amount to:—

ACCUMULATED FUND	£3,650,000
ANNUAL REVENUE	£660,000

The PROFITS of the Company have been divided on seven occasions, since 1825, when the Company was established, and on each occasion large and important benefits have been given to the Assured.

A NEW PROSPECTUS, just issued, contains very full information as to the Company's principles and practice, and will be forwarded by post on application.

AGENCIES in every town of importance throughout the kingdom.

AGENCIES in INDIA and the COLONIES, where Premiums can be received, and Claims settled.

H. JONES WILLIAMS, General Secretary for England, 82, King William-street, E.C.

SAMUEL R. FERGUSON, Resident Secretary, West-end office, 3, Pall Mall East, S.W.

Edinburgh: 3, George-street (Head-office).

Dublin: 66, Upper Sackville Street.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, 1, Old Broad-street, and 16 and 17, Pall-mall, London.

ESTABLISHED 1803.

Subscribed and Invested Capital and Reserve Fund, £1,900,000.

Losses paid, £3,000,000.

Fire Insurances granted on every description of property at home and abroad at moderate rates.

Claims liberally and promptly settled.

All policies are now entitled to the recent reduction in the duty to 1s. 6d. per cent., whether covering buildings, furniture, or stock.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

UNIVERSITY LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY. EXTENSION TO FOUNDATION SCHOOLS.

Additions in 1865 at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum.

CHARLES McCABE, Secretary.

24, Suffolk-street, London, S.W.

BENSON, J. W., by Special Appointment to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.

BENSON'S WATCHES. Prize Medal, 1865.

BENSON'S WATCHES, sent safe by post.

BENSON'S CLOCKS, manufactured by Steam Power

BENSON'S SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATE. Prize Medal, 1862.

BENSON'S GOLD JEWELLERY, Novel and Artistic.

BENSON'S ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET. 2d.

BENSON, Old Bond-street and Westbourne-Grove.

BENSON'S STEAM FACTORY and CITY SHOW-ROOMS, 58 & 60, Ludgate-hill.

BEDSTEADS, BATHS, and LAMPS.—WILLIAM S. BURTON has TWELVE LARGE SHOW-ROOMS devoted exclusively to the Separate Display of LAMPS, Baths, and Metallic Bedsteads. The stock of each is at once the largest, newest, and most varied ever submitted to the public, and marked at prices proportionate with those that have tended to make his establishment the most distinguished in this country.

Bedsteads, from..... 12s. 6d. to £20 0s. each.

Shower Baths, from..... 8s. 0d. to £6 0s. each.

Lamps (moderate), from..... 6s. 0d. to £8 10s. each.

(All other kinds at the same rate.)

Pure Colza Oil..... 4s. 0d. per gallon.

WILLIAM S. BURTON, GENERAL FURNISHING IRONMONGER, by Appointment, to H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, sends a CATALOGUE Gratis and post-paid. It contains upwards of 600 Illustrations of his unrivalled Stock of Sterling Silver and Electro-Plate, Nickel Silver and Britannia-Metal Goods, Dish Covers, Hot-water Dishes, Stoves, Fenders, Marble Chimney-pieces, Kitchen Ranges, Lamps, Gasoliers, Tea-Trays, Urns and Kettles, Clocks, Table Cutlery, Baths, Toilet Ware, Turnery, Iron and Brass Bedsteads, Bedding, Bedroom Cabinet Furniture, &c., with Lists of Prices, and Plans of the Twenty large Show-rooms, at 39, Oxford-street, W.; 1, 1A, 2, 3, and 4, Newman-street; 4, 6, and 6, Perry's-place; and 1, Newman-yard, London.

TEA CHEAPER THAN EVER.

PHILLIPS & COMPANY'S TEAS ARE BEST AND CHEAPEST.

STRONG BLACK TEAS, 1s. 6d., 2s., 2s. 4d.

VERY EXCELLENT BLACK TEA is now only 2s. 6d. per pound.

PHILLIPS & CO., TEA MERCHANTS, 8, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, LONDON, E.C.

RARE, CHOICE, GENUINE COFFEE, 1s. 4d. per pound.

A price-current post-free. Sugars at Market Prices.

PHILLIPS AND Co. have no Agents.

PHILLIPS & CO. send all Goods CARRIAGE FREE by their own Vans, within eight miles of No. 8, King William-street, City, and send Teas, Coffees, and Spices carriage free to any Railway Station or Market Town in the United Kingdom, if to the value of 40s. or upwards.

TO PARENTS and GUARDIANS.—The return of youth to their respective boarding-schools induces a solicitude for their personal comfort and attraction, and ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL, for accelerating the growth and improving and beautifying the hair, Rowlands' Kalydor, for improving the skin and complexion, and removing cutaneous defects, and Rowlands' Odonto, or Pearl Dentifrice, for rendering the teeth beautifully white and preserving the gums, are considered indispensable accompaniments.—Sold by chemists and Perfumers. Ask for Rowlands' articles.

P. 132 Missing